TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN

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TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN

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To
my daughter
Mary Sarg
and also to
Anne Stoddard
who helped to
make this
book

MARY AND FRECKLES IN NANTUCKET

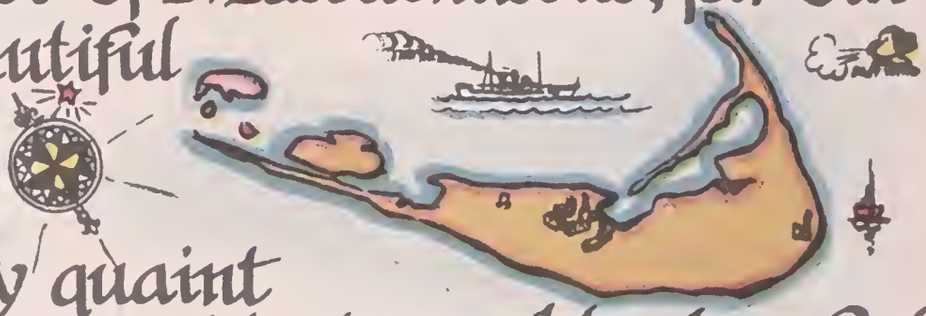
I. THE FIRST DAY.

II. FRECKLES BECOMES A HERO

III FRECKLES IS NAUGHTY

THE FIRST DAY!

Off the coast of Massachusetts, far out at sea, lies a beautiful island called Nantucket.



There are many quaint old houses on the island, built of red bricks which were brought all the way from England.

The people who lived in Nantucket long ago were whale-fishers. It was a dangerous way to make a living but the whalers were brave and hardy men and they brought back from every cruise many barrels of whale oil, which was worth a great deal of money.

One summer day there arrived on the island a pretty little red-haired girl and a pleasant

polka-dot dog, who was her dearest companion.

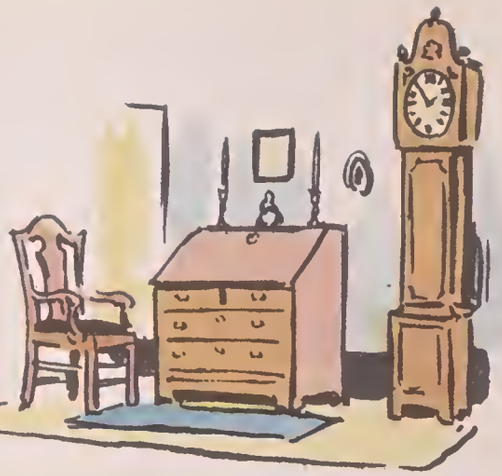
The little girl's name was **Mary** and the dog's name was Freckles, because his polka-dots looked like that.

Mary's parents came with them.

They came from the mainland on a boat called the "Sankaty" which was named for a fine lighthouse on the island. From the landing they rode in a horse carriage to a yellow house with blue shutters which was where they were going to live.

One side of the house was covered with red roses and in front of it was a green hedge clipped into curious shapes. Some steps led up to the front door and when they opened it,

they saw a grand-father clock, an old writing-desk and a quaint chair. All the rooms had old-fashioned furniture and some of them were paneled in wood.



After Mary had unpacked her trunk and put away her things, she started out with Freckles to explore the town. She walked along a cobbled street with trees on both sides until she came to a big red house with a white railing at the top of the roof.

Mary stopped to look at the house because she liked it very much. Presently a lady came out and invited Mary to come in and play with her niece, Betty.

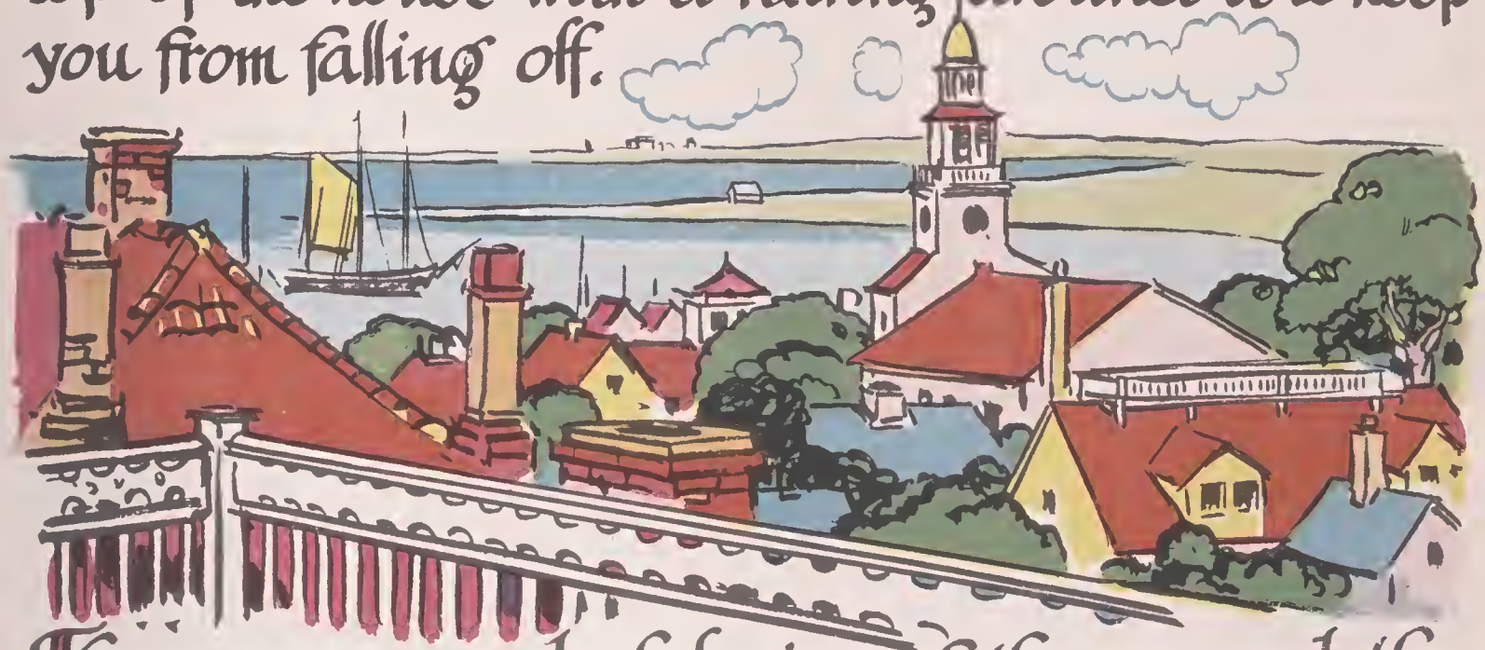
Mary and Betty played croquet and ran about and shouted. They had a good time.

After a while Betty's Aunt Phoebe, for that is who it was, asked the children if they would like to go up to the "Widow's Walk". Mary did not know what that was, but she thought she would like to go, just the same.

So they climbed up to the attic where there was a spinning-wheel and a "hair trunk" shaped like a soda-biscuit, covered with hide with the hair left on and studded with brass nails. This was the kind of trunk your great-grandmother carried her trousseau in when she went on her wedding journey—

A stepladder led to the roof and they were soon

standing on the "Widow's Walk", a platform on top of the house with a railing around it to keep you from falling off.

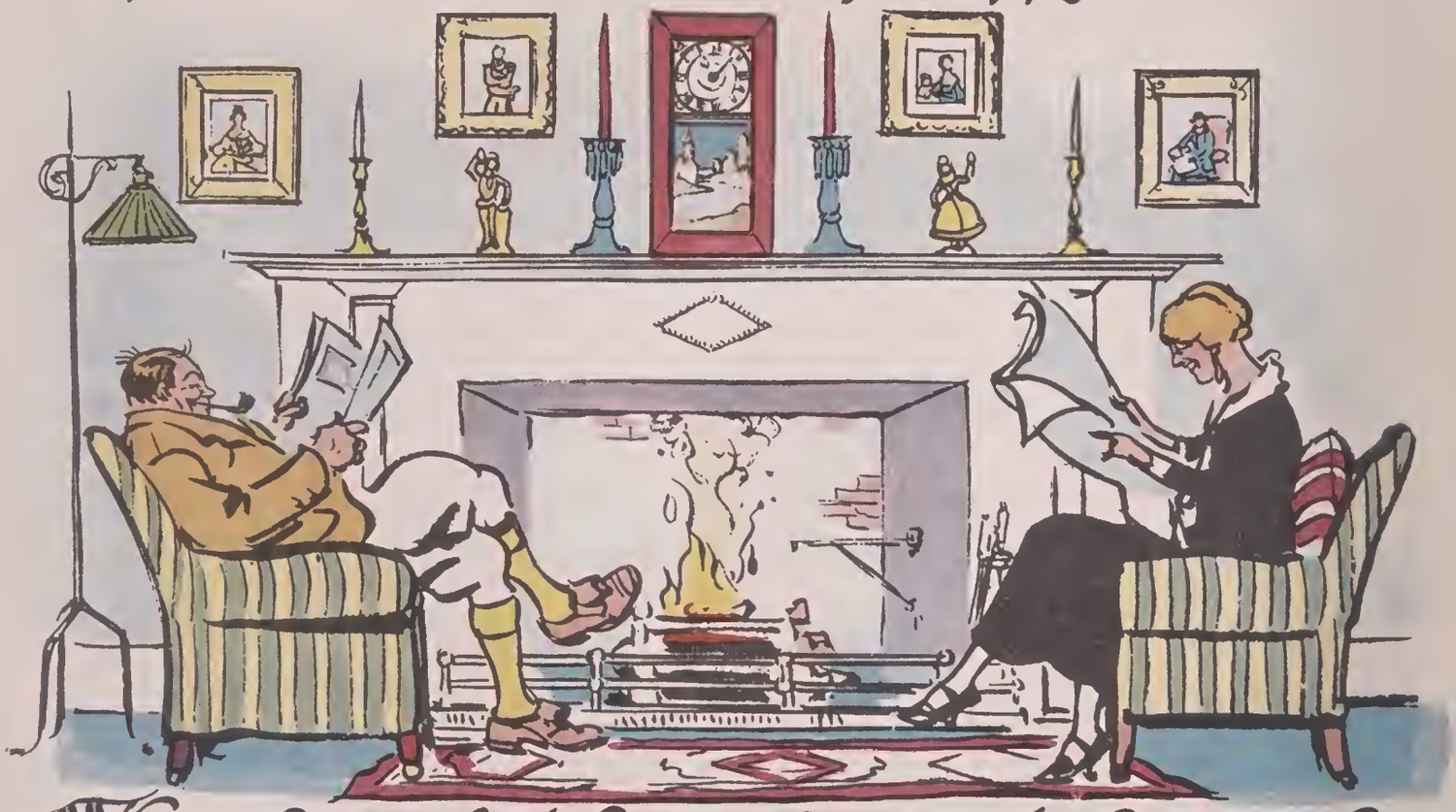


There was a wonderful view of the sea and the roofs and the tree tops.

Aunt Phoebe explained that the wives of the whaling captains used to go up to the roof with spy-glasses to watch for their husbands' ships to come home from sea. Sometimes the ships never came home and that is how the name "Widow's Walk" came to be used.

On the way home Mary passed the beautiful bank building, which had the date "1818" over the entrance.

Everyone she met gave her a friendly nod as she passed and she felt very happy.



When she reached home she found her mother and father sitting in front of the open fire, reading. A strong salty wind was blowing in from the ocean and she was glad to come indoors and feel the cheerful warmth of the fire.

That night Mary and Freckles slept together and both had pleasant dreams. Mary dreamed about playing with Betty and Freckles dreamed about chasing a cat.

FRECKLES
becomes a hero.

One day Mary met Mr. Wyer, riding a bay horse. He stopped and said, "I wish your father would let me give you some riding lessons. You would make a fine horsewoman." Everybody knows that red-haired girls and horses go together and Mary felt that she would just about die if she was not allowed to ride. So she gave her father no peace of his life until he promised that she might have riding lessons.

She soon learned to trot and to gallop and to jump. Her teacher and Freckles went with her

when she rode, because her father told her she must never, never ride alone.

The prettiest and friskiest horse in Mr. Wyer's stable was Black Beauty. Mary wanted to ride her, but Mr. Wyer said no, Black Beauty was too young and skittish for a child to manage.

Now it happened one hot afternoon that Mary and Freckles went out on the moors to gather wildflowers. Mary picked a wonderful bunch of wild roses and was just about to take them home to her mother

when she spied a black horse, saddled and bridled and tied to a post. It was Black Beauty!

Nobody seemed to be about and Mary had a temptation. She thought, "Oh, if I could only ride Black Beauty just once!"

She looked around. Then she went to the post and untied the halter. Freckles barked and barked for he remembered what Mary's father had said, but she paid no attention to him.

Quickly she sprang into the saddle and started the horse across the moor.

Black Beauty was a bundle of nerves. She was afraid of motors, of dogs, of cats, of rabbits, of white fences and of pieces of paper blowing in the wind.

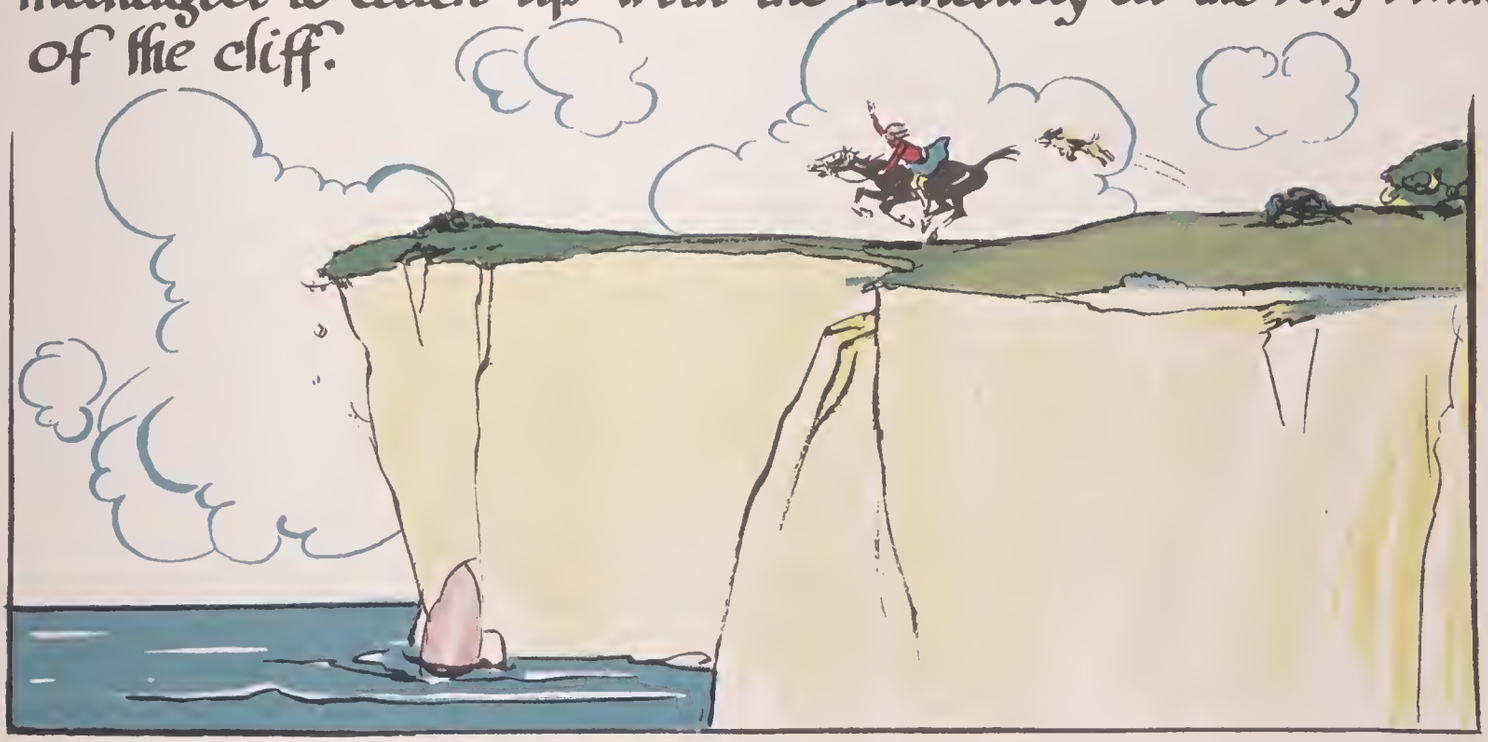
The moors are full of rabbits and suddenly a brown bunny popped up out of nowhere and dashed between Black Beauty's feet. At the same time Freckles burst into loud barking, which was his way of scolding his mistress for her disobedience.

Black Beauty jumped and snorted, laying her ears flat to her head. She reared up on her hind legs and nearly spilled Mary off her back. Then she doubled her legs under her

and ran away.
'What she thought was, "I must get away from that blood-thirsty rabbit before it eats me up!" Mary flung her arms around the horse's neck and hung on for her life. She was terrified. Too late, she remembered her father's warning.

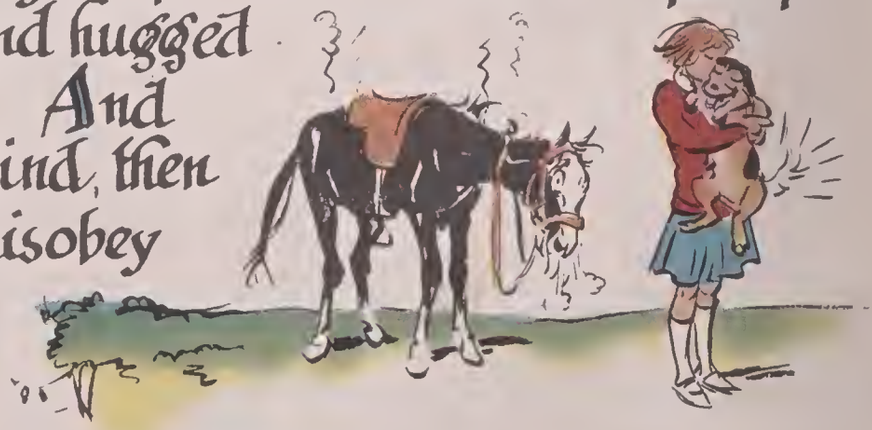
Freckles was beside himself with anxiety. He saw that Black Beauty was headed straight for the terrible cliff at Tom Nevers Head and he bounded after her, six feet

at a leap. He jumped clear over the bayberry and sweet pepper bushes and, though he was out of breath, he managed to catch up with the runaway at the very brink of the cliff.



He grabbed Black Beauty by the tail just as she was about to plunge into the sea. Then he sat down hard and pulled like anything. Black Beauty sat down, too, panting and shivering, and Mary slipped safely to the ground.

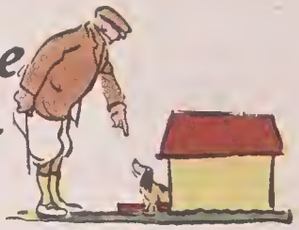
She was grateful to her wise and faithful little friend and hugged him lovingly. And she made up her mind, then and there, never to disobey her father again.



Freckles was the hero of the day. He was warm and tired from his long run, so he rode home, while Mary led Black Beauty back to the stable.

"TRECKLES IS NAUGHTY!"

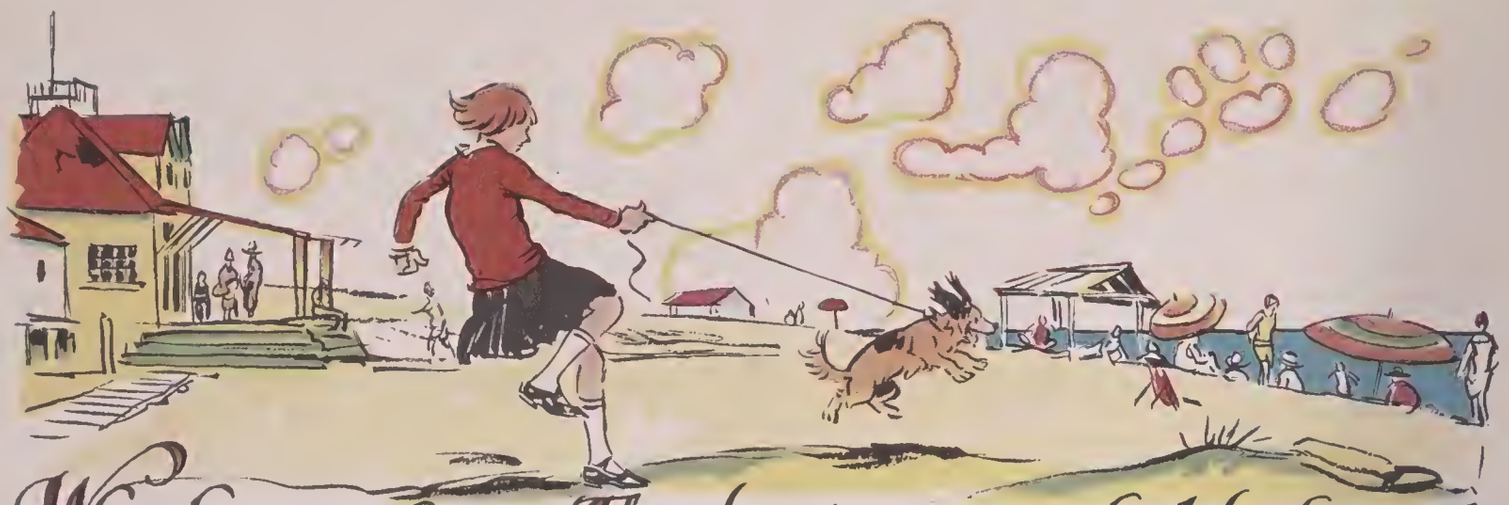
Freckles was feeling sad. Orders had gone out that he was to sleep in the dog kennel and he did not like it.



The floor of the kennel was cold and hard and

when he woke up in the morning he howled and howled for he thought nobody loved him anymore.

Mary came running down the stairs when she heard her little dog crying. She picked him up and kissed him. Then she gave him a nice warm bath and his breakfast — and took him to the beach.



When he saw the sea Freckles barked with delight and Mary soon found a stick for him to play with.

She threw it into the water and Freckles swam out after it. He loved swimming better than anything in the world. When he found the stick in the water, he fetched it back to his mistress.

By and by Mary grew tired of throwing the stick so Freckles dashed out of the water to look for some new kind of fun. He ran along the beach, dripping like a

wet sponge, until he came to some people sunning themselves on the sand. Some of them had their best clothes on, for they did not mean to go bathing that morning. Freckles shook himself and shook himself. He splashed everybody and made the babies cry, but he did not care. He felt like being naughty.

Now the sunny morning had tempted a certain reverend gentleman out on the sand to read his newspaper. He sat upon the beach enjoying the air and reading the notice of his forthcoming sermon. Beside him sat his two white terriers who were trying to appear sedate and dignified, as dogs belonging to a clergyman ought to.

Suddenly something wet jumped right through the newspaper and nearly upset the reverend gentleman. It was Freckles and he fancied he was playing a good joke.

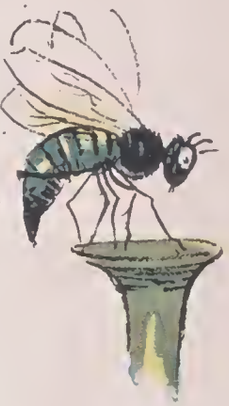
The joke was on him, however, for the white terriers forgot all about being clerical dogs and chased him off.

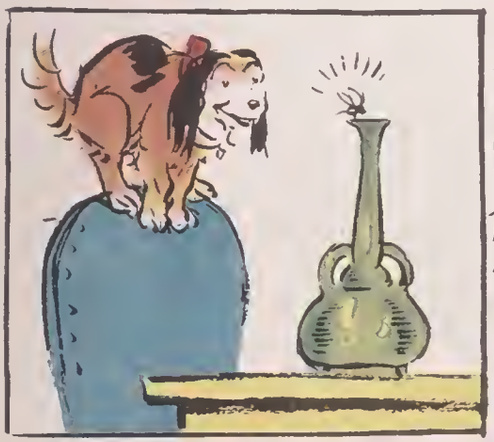
When Freckles and his mistress reached home they saw Mary's father coming up the street with a package which he was carrying with great care. They wondered what was in the package.

It was an antique glass bottle which Mary's father had bought at an auction. He put it on a table and all the family admired it. It was beautiful. Mary's father thought he would take a nap. He put

on his dressing-gown and his slippers of red morocco. Then he spoke to Freckles. "This bottle is old and rare," he said. "You are not to touch it with so much as a whisker.

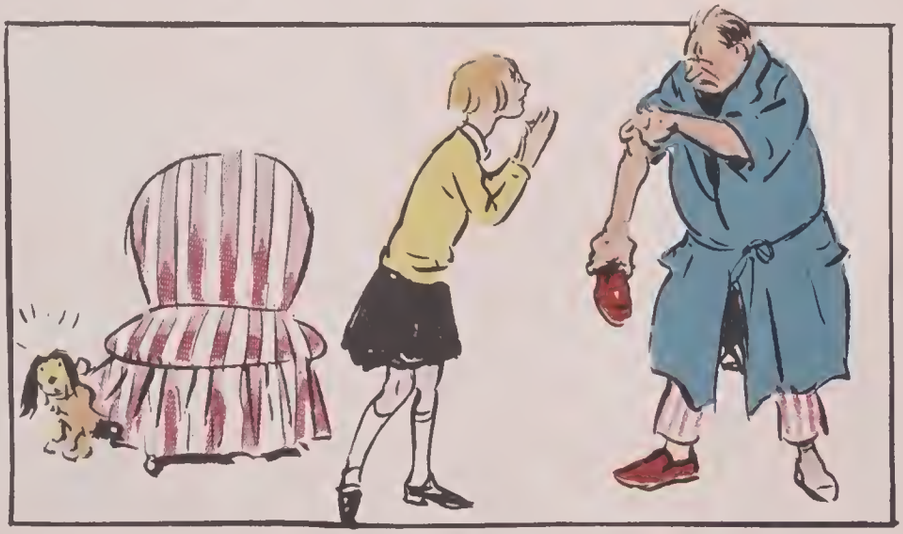
Next to swimming, Freckles enjoyed catching flies. There was a big blue one circling around the room and Freckles had a fine time snapping at it. At last it settled on the neck of the antique bottle. Freckles watched it longingly, but he knew he must not touch the bottle. The fly knew it, too, for he turned his back and made insulting motions with his hindlegs which meant, "Touch me if you dare!"





It was too much for a dog of spirit. Freckles jumped.

He caught the fly, but the beautiful bottle was knocked on the floor and smashed to bits. Freckles hid under a chair before Mary's father came to see what all the noise was about. He said nothing, but took off one of his red leather slippers and looked around for the culprit. Freckles knew what that meant, so he ran out-of-doors as fast as his legs could carry him.

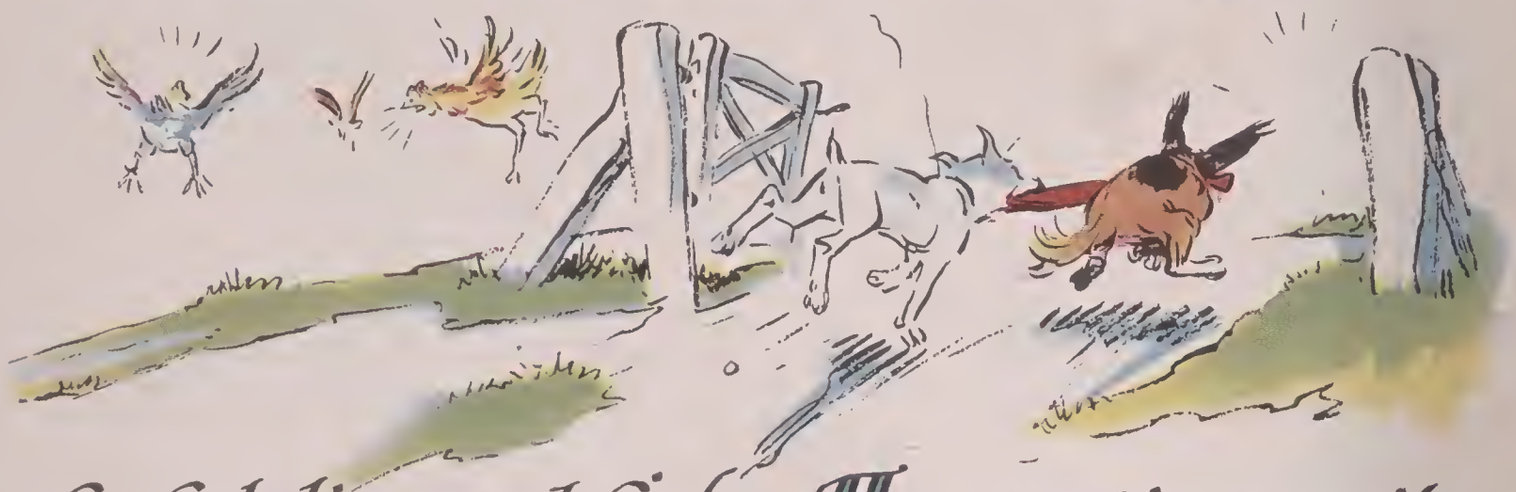


That night Mary's mother forgot to send Freckles out to the dog-kennel, so he slept in the house as usual. Towards morning he waked up and began to think about his master's red slipper. He thought he would run away with it and bury it a mile or so from the house. Then there would

be no danger of being whipped with it. He grabbed the

slipper and ran out of the house. Fido, who lived next door, joined Freckles at once. He saw the slipper and thought it was something to eat.

Together they raced across country to the Hussey farm. They carried the slipper between them. Meantime Mary's fa-



ther had discovered his loss. He set out in pursuit with one slipper on and one bare foot - which was not very comfortable, especially when he ran over stones or stubble. Mary waked up, too, and followed in her night-gown. - At the farm all was in confusion. The dogs

frightened the cows and the pigs and the goats and the chickens, but they did not care a bit.

Then they began to quarrel about the slipper. Each dog wanted to carry it by himself, but neither wanted to give it up.

So they pulled and pulled until they pulled the slipper in two. Just then Mary's father came up. He had a sore foot from running across the fields without his slipper and he

was tired and warm. "Come here-r-r-r!" he said.

But Mary begged him not to whip her little dog and Freckles himself looked up so sweetly with the piece of slipper in his mouth, that he was obliged to smile and then to laugh. And, of course, nobody could punish a dog after that!

Freckles was awfully sorry about the sore foot. He insisted on being a foot-stool for his master until it was quite well, for he knew the trouble would never have occurred if he had not been naughty.

LITTLE ANNE TAKES HER MARIONETTES TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Little Anne lived in London on the top-floor of a quaint old house at № 9 Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

She was nine years old and she had a great many dolls which she made herself.

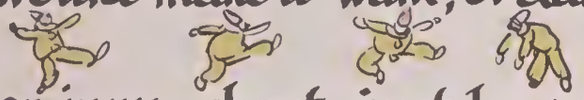
They were not ordinary dolls - they were marionettes. There were pirates and dancers and clowns and fairies among them; and an elephant and a dog and even a lion, that was made out of an old fur collar. Her favorites, however, were a little girl doll with black curls and rosy cheeks, whose name was Greta and a gray- and white rabbit, called Bunny.

All of these dolls were fitted with strings at their joints; and the strings were attached to two bits of wood, called a "controller," which Little Anne held in her hands when she moved the dolls. She sometimes made them act out plays for the entertainment of her friends.

When the marionettes were not acting, they hung on pegs alongside the tiny stage which was set up in Little Anne's room.

She used to climb up on the platform above the stage and

unhooking a doll from its peg, would make it walk, or dance



or jump about, just by pulling the strings. If you had seen Greta dancing, or the clown doing his tricks, you would have thought they must surely be alive.

Now, happy as she was, there was one thing that Little Anne wanted very much and wished for every time she saw the new moon over her right shoulder. She wanted to show her marionettes to the little Princess

at Buckingham Palace! And the more she thought about it, the harder she wished that the Princess would send for her.

One morning Little Anne sat mending one of her marionettes. It was Bunny and his ear had come loose.

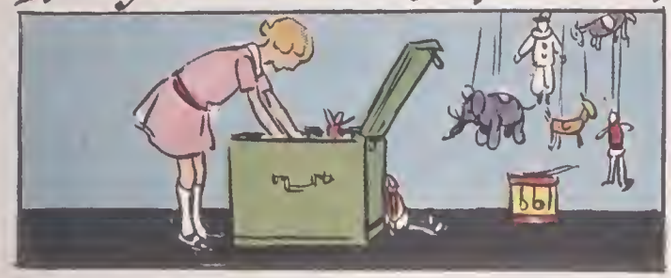
As she pushed her needle through Bunny's ear, there came a "rat-a-tat-tat" at the door and Little Anne went to see who was there. But first she took off her apron and smoothed the curls before the mirror, so that she might look nice when she met her caller.

At the door stood a footman in the royal livery and he held a letter in his hand addressed to Little Anne herself. This is what the letter said:

"Their Majesties are feeling dull this morning and wish to be entertained immediately.

Little Anne is requested to bring her marionettes to the palace at once."

Little Anne quickly packed up



her stage and her dolls in a large box. Then she brushed her curls and put on her best pink frock and her hat with the daisies, and ran downstairs to see if Mr. Gow, the milkman, who lived on the ground-floor, had come back from his morning rounds.

As luck would have it, Mr. Gow was at the door with his wagon, loaded with shiny milk-cans.

"Dear Mr. Gow," cried Little Anne, "will you take my marionettes and me to Buckingham Palace, where we are going to play for the little Princess and the King and Queen?"

Mr. Gow wiped his hands on his trousers and said he would be delighted. He lifted the box into the wagon with the cans. Little Anne hopped up beside him and off they drove to

Buckingham Palace. At the entrance they were stopped by a soldier with a sharp bayonet.

"You can't come in here," said the soldier, scowling at Mr. Cow and the milk cans. "Oh, please, sir!" began Little Anne, but Mr. Cow jerked his thumb in the direction of the throne-room. "Been sent for – to amuse 'em!" he said. "Here's her traps."

"In that case, all right!" said the soldier. He lowered his bayonet and called a couple of lackeys to carry in the box.

They set up the stage in short order, under Little Anne's directions.

When all was ready, the royal family filed in

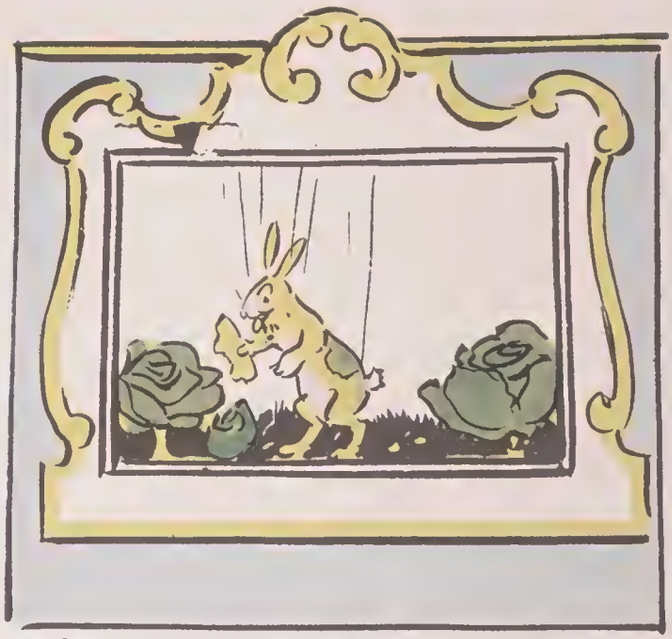
and took seats in the front row before the stage.

In the middle sat the little Princess with a silky King Charles spaniel in her lap. She had fat golden curls and blue eyes and she wore a white

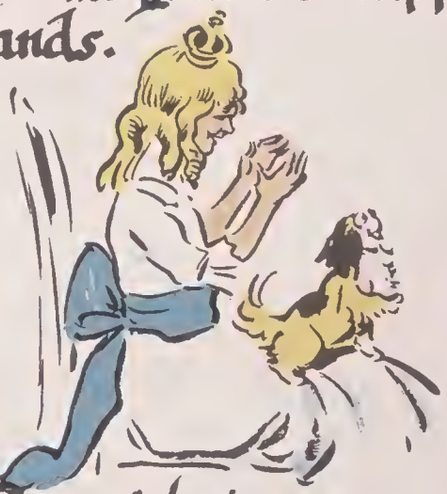
dress with a blue sash, like a French doll in a toy shop. Little Anne was crazy about her. The Spaniel was black-and-tan and his rolling goggle eyes were full of naughtiness.

Beside the Princess sat the King and Queen, all furred and jewelled, with their crowns on their heads. In the King's crown was the Koh-i-noor, an uncomfortably large diamond as big as a hen's egg. There were lots of dukes and duchesses and earls and marquises and

ladies in waiting sitting behind the royal family. Little Anne hoped her marionettes would do their best to please so many grand people. She took her place and rang the bell for the play to begin.



The curtain went up on a garden of cabbages. Out came Bunny, hopping about and nibbling the juicy leaves. "How cute!" cried all the ladies and the Princess clapped her hands.



The spaniel whose name was Bingo, was interested, too. He shivered and his silky coat twitched along his back. Then Greta came on and

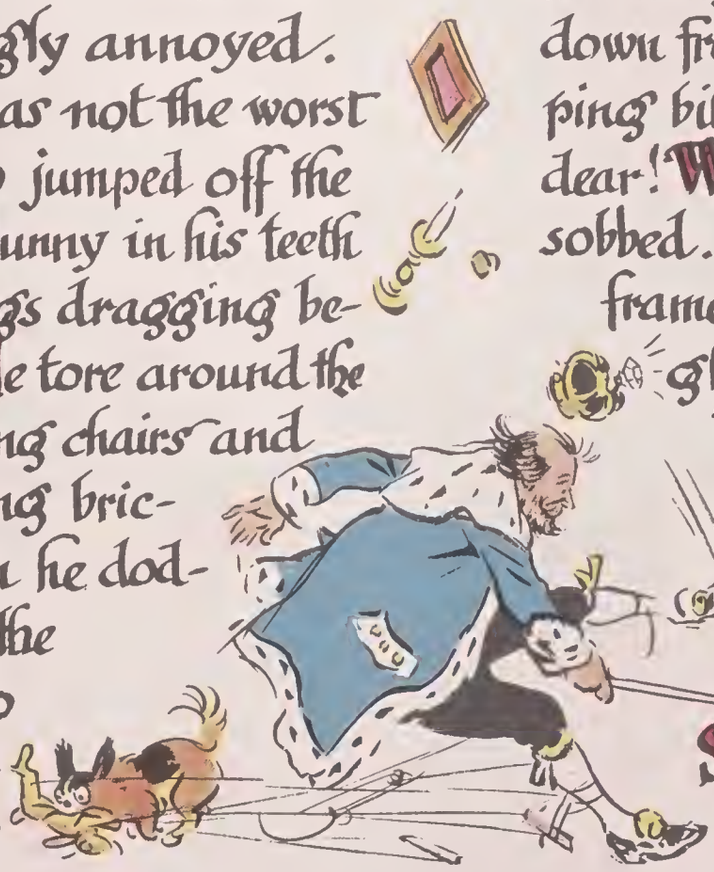
made Bunny do some tricks. Bunny sat up on his haunches, wagged his long ears and then stood on his head and waved his hind legs in the air. This was too much for Bingo. He thought Bunny was a real rabbit and he made up his mind to put a stop to such capers at once.

With a sharp yelp he sprang out of the Princess's arms and up on the stage. Click! He pounced upon Bunny and his sharp teeth met in the rabbit's fur. He shook Bunny so hard that he pulled the strings and controller out of Little Anne's hands and down they came with a clatter on the stage.

As they fell, one of the strings caught on the frame of a portrait of King Charles I and dragged it from the wall. Slam! Bang! It landed right on top of her Majesty's head.

The canvas was old and the Queen's head went clean through it. She looked very funny wearing King Charles's frame like a collar around her neck and no doubt she felt exceedingly annoyed. But that was not the worst of it. Bingo jumped off the stage with Bunny in his teeth and the strings dragging behind him. He tore around the room, upsetting chairs and and smashing bric-a-brac. Then he dodged between the King's legs to avoid a well-aimed blow with the sceptre. His Majesty came down with a terrible crash. His crown fell off and broke in two pieces. The Koh-i-noor dropped out and rolled around the floor.

"Oh! Ah!" gasped all the lords and ladies, with hands raised in horror at the sight of Majesty prone upon the carpet, the royal legs entangled with the strings. Little Anne came down from the platform, weeping bitterly. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?" she sobbed. The Queen, the frame still around her neck, glared at her angrily. "Here she is!" she cried. "Here is the child who is responsible for all this mischief! She must be punished severely."



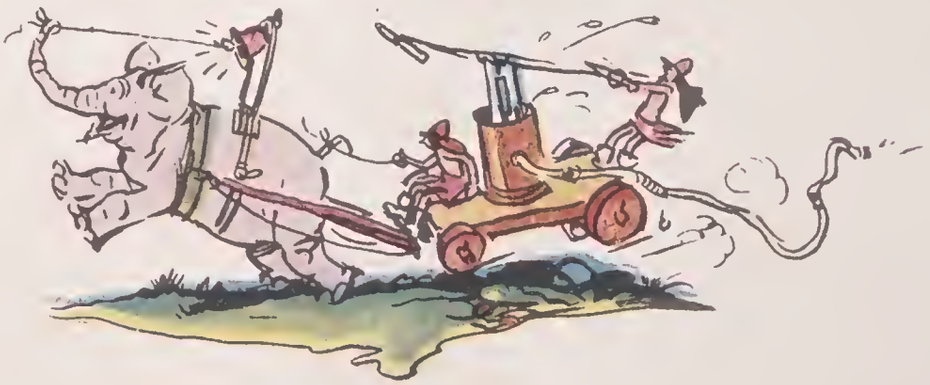
Every eye was upon Little Anne. Every person pointed at her with an accusing finger. Little Anne was so frightened that her legs would not hold her up. Her knees knocked together. Everything grew black and reeled around her. Bump! She sat down hard to keep from falling. Then her eyes flew open. She was sitting on the floor of her own room at number 9 Hart Street, with her thimble still on her finger. Bunny lay beside her with the needle sticking in his ear. Little Ann rubbed her eyes wonderingly.

"I have fallen off my chair," she murmured.

"Good gracious me! It was nothing but a dream!"

"FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD!"

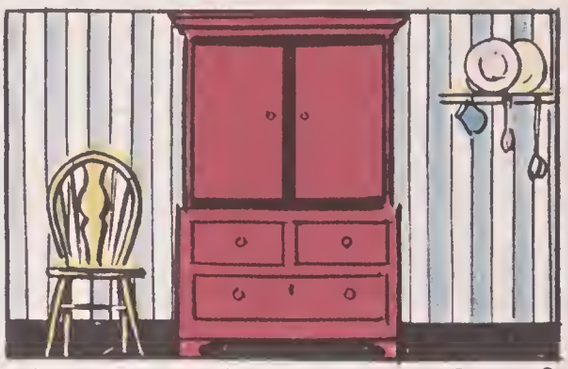
A story without words.



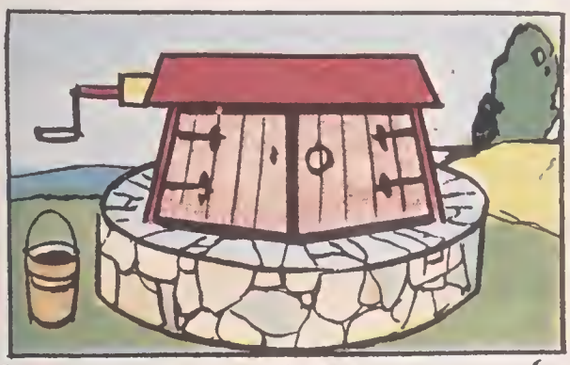
WHERE IS TOMMY?

"Oh, have you seen Tommy? cried poor Mrs. Stout.
"I've searched for him everywhere, inside and out!

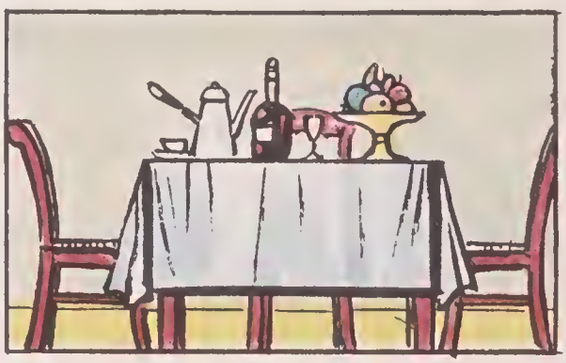
"I ran to the barn and opened the door
"But found only chickens & not a thing more.



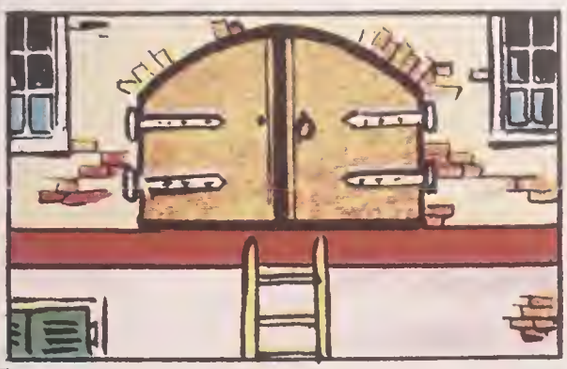
"I searched through the cupboards all over the house
"And in the jam closet was a little gray mouse.



"I peered into the well & a voice said 'Kerchog!'
"For nothing was there but a funny bull-frog.



"I peeked under the table & threw the cloth over
"And under it snoozed our faithful old Rover!"

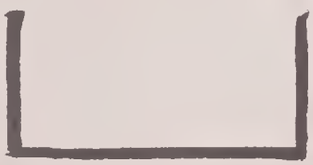


"I climbed to the loft and there on the hay
"Old Tabby, the cat, with her new kittens lay.

Poor Mrs. Stout! She was quite in despair
'Till she looked in the bed-and Tommy was there!

Directions for opening the doors on the following page!!→→

Would you like to open the doors and see for yourself what Tommy's mother found in the barn, the well, the hayloft, the cupboard, under the table and in the bed? - Then place a sheet of cardboard for protection between this page and the next and turn back to the "Where is Tommy?" page. Cut with a pen-knife around three sides of each little door (heavy lines show you where to cut) and fold back on the fourth side. The lines to be cut are marked on this page in black for a guide, but you would better do the work from the other side. - Then paste the two pages lightly together at the edges where it says, "Paste here," being careful to paste no further into the page than the red line. Close the little doors so that the page will be flat and shut the book tight until the paste has dried. Then you will be able to open the doors and see what Mrs. Stout found whenever you want to.



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Paste here! →

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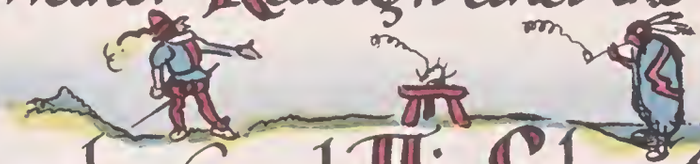
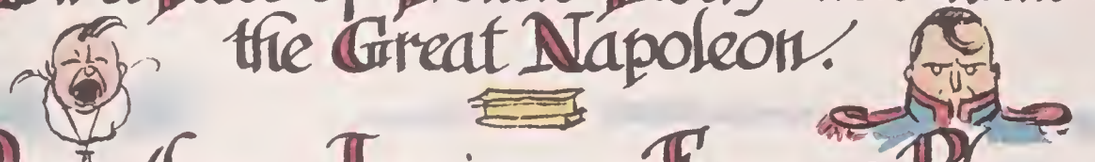
LITTLE MOMENTS
in the LIVES of GREAT MEN

I. Sir Walter Raleigh and the Hot Potato.



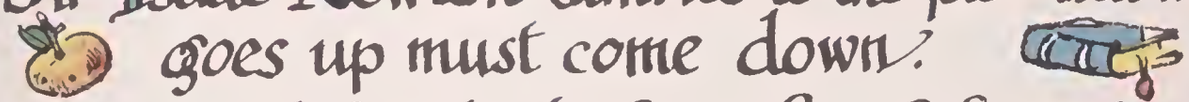
II. Columbus and His Educated Egg.

III. How a Piece of French Pastry was named after the Great Napoleon.



IV. Demosthenes Inspires a Famous Phrase.

V. Sir Isaac Newton tumbles to the fact that what goes up must come down.



If any boy or girl should ask the author if these stories are true, he would wink his eye — like this — and say,

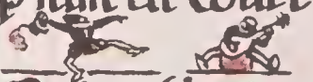
"What do you think about it yourself?"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
AND
THE HOT POTATO.

Sir Walter Raleigh was fond of fine clothes. He wore silks and velvets and feathers and even ear-rings. The word "dude" had not been invented in those days, but that is what he was.

Raleigh wanted to plant English colonies in the New World.

He begged Queen Elizabeth to give him money and ships for that purpose; and promised her some nice presents from America, if she would grant his request. Queen Bess loved nice presents, so she consented to his plan. But she did not allow Raleigh to go to America himself, for she liked his looks and wanted to keep him at court to amuse her.



As soon as Raleigh's ships landed in Virginia, the captains started looking for presents.

One day an Indian gave them some potatoes. Nobody in England had ever seen a potato, so they felt they had found at last a present worthy of a queen. Tobacco, too, was unknown in England. When they saw the tobacco plants

growing and smoking their

the Indians long pipes, the captains decided to carry some of the precious leaves home to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Raleigh became an enthusiastic smoker and set the fashion at court. He soon learned to blow rings and exhale smoke through his nostrils. One day when he was blowing clouds of smoke, his servant thought that he was on fire and poured a pailful of water over him.

Now Raleigh had not forgotten his promise to Good Queen Bess. "James" he said to his servant, "make two parcels. Put that big potato in one for the queen;

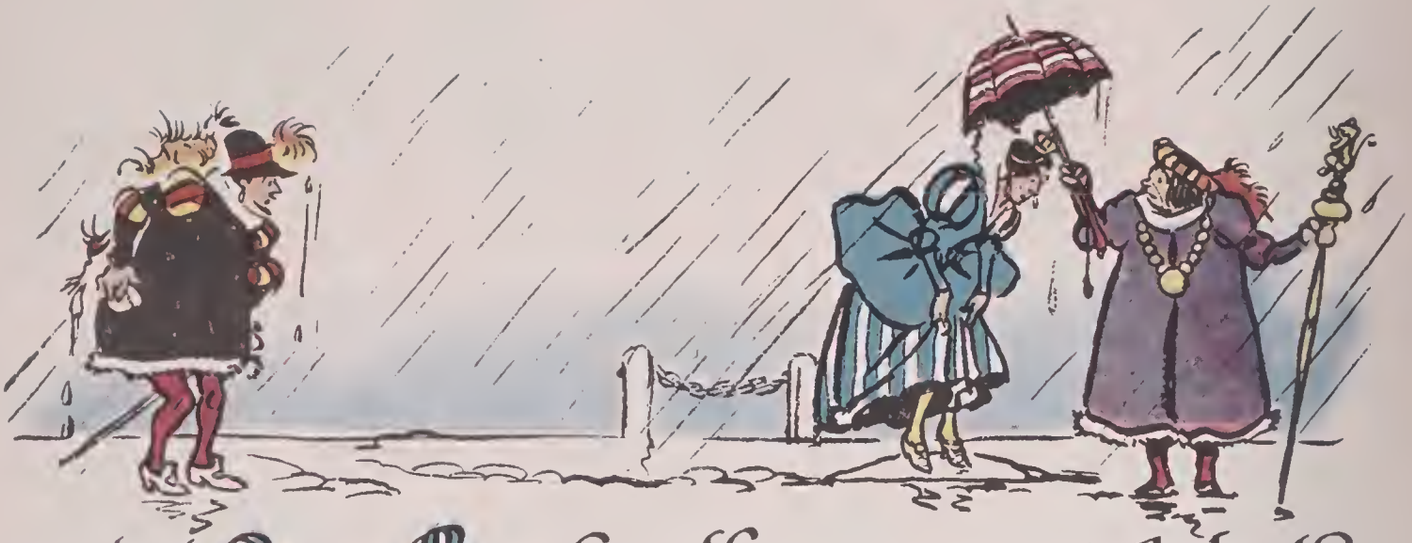
and a handful of tobacco leaves in the other for the Lord Chancellor."

The two packages looked exactly alike. He slipped the one containing the potato into his right pocket and the one containing the tobacco into his left. As he did so, he muttered, "Right, for Her Majesty; left, for the Lord Chancellor," thinking in that way to remember which was which.

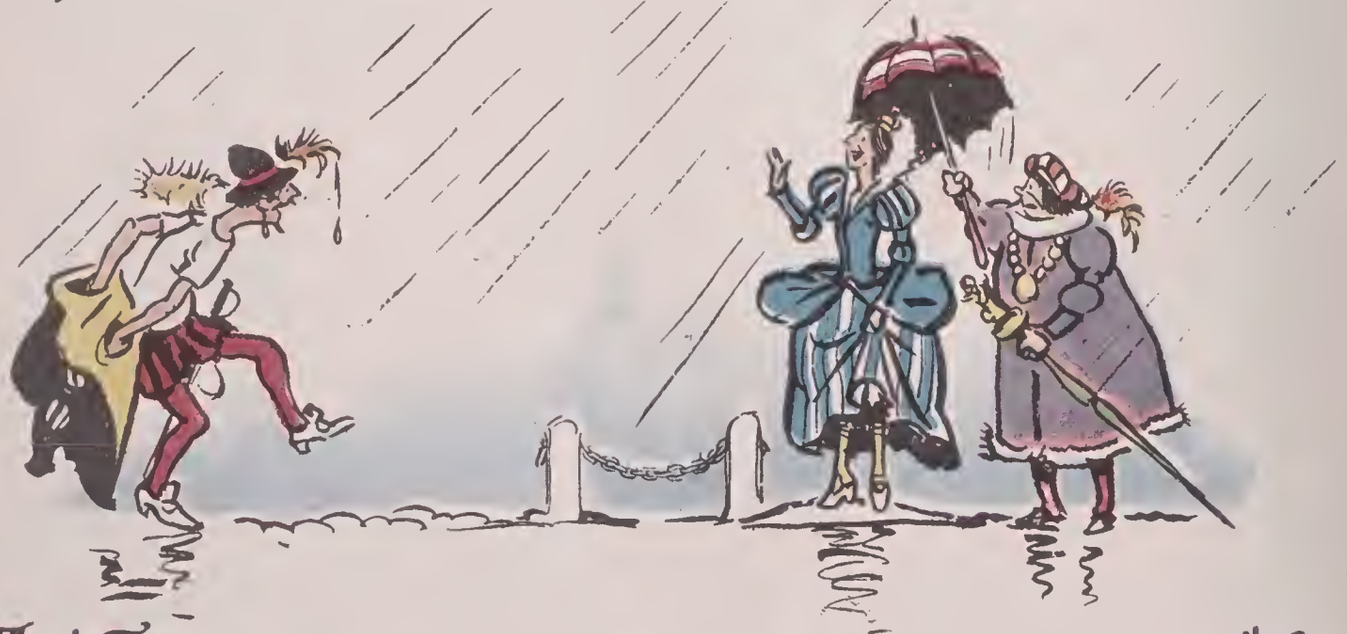
While he was dressing himself in his very best clothes he thought how delighted Queen Elizabeth would be with the unique gift and wondered what honors she would confer upon him because of it.

Then he started for Windsor Castle where the Queen was stopping. Before he had gone far, big drops of rain began to fall. Raleigh thought of his best clothes and the precious packages and ran for shelter.

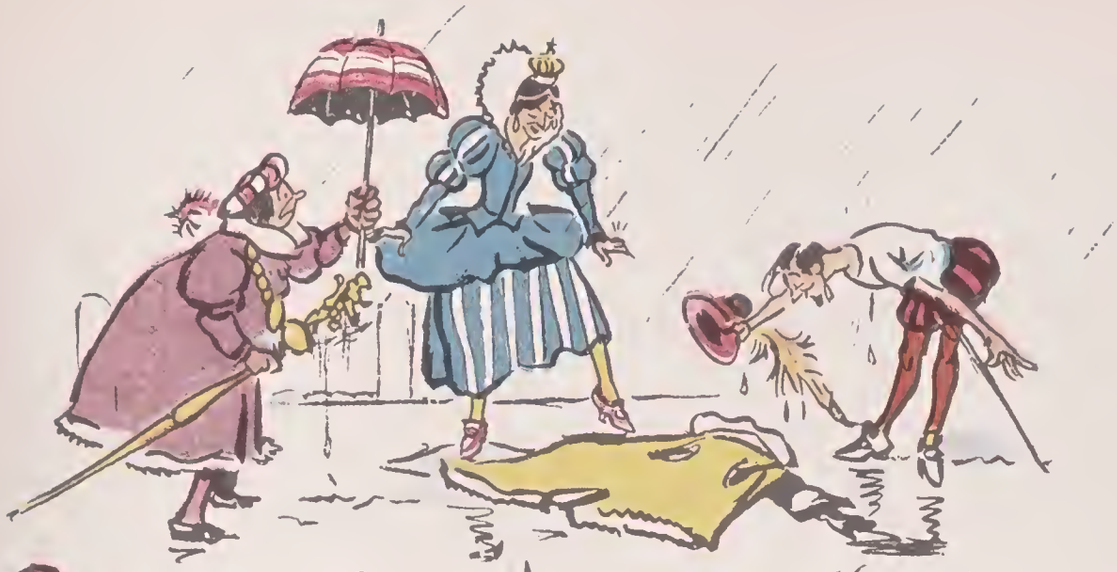
When he approached the castle, whom should he



see but Queen Bess herself, accompanied by the Lord High Chancellor and halting at the edge of a mud-puddle! She was wearing some brocaded shoes and bran new silk stockings — and she did not want to step into the mud.



"Ha! This is my chance to make an impression" thought Raleigh. In a flash he whipped off his coat and flung it, velvet side down, into the mud, so that



the Queen might cross the puddle dry-shod.

Queen Bess was charmed by this act of courtesy. She gave Raleigh her hand to kiss and invited him to tea at Windsor Castle.

Now this was all very well and Raleigh was flattered. But how about the muddy coat? It would never do to appear at court in that! — Then

he had a happy thought. He turned the coat inside-out & wore it, yellow satin lining outside, muddy velvet inside. It looked well, although it was not what you might call comfortable.

Raleigh soon reached Windsor Castle to keep his appointment.

At the entrance, he took out the two packages.

Then he pranced into the Queen's presence

Kneeling before her, he presented the parcel from the right-hand pocket with a flourish. "Gracious Majesty", he cried, "pray have the contents of this package baked or boiled for your supper. You will find it delicious with lots of melted butter poured over it!"

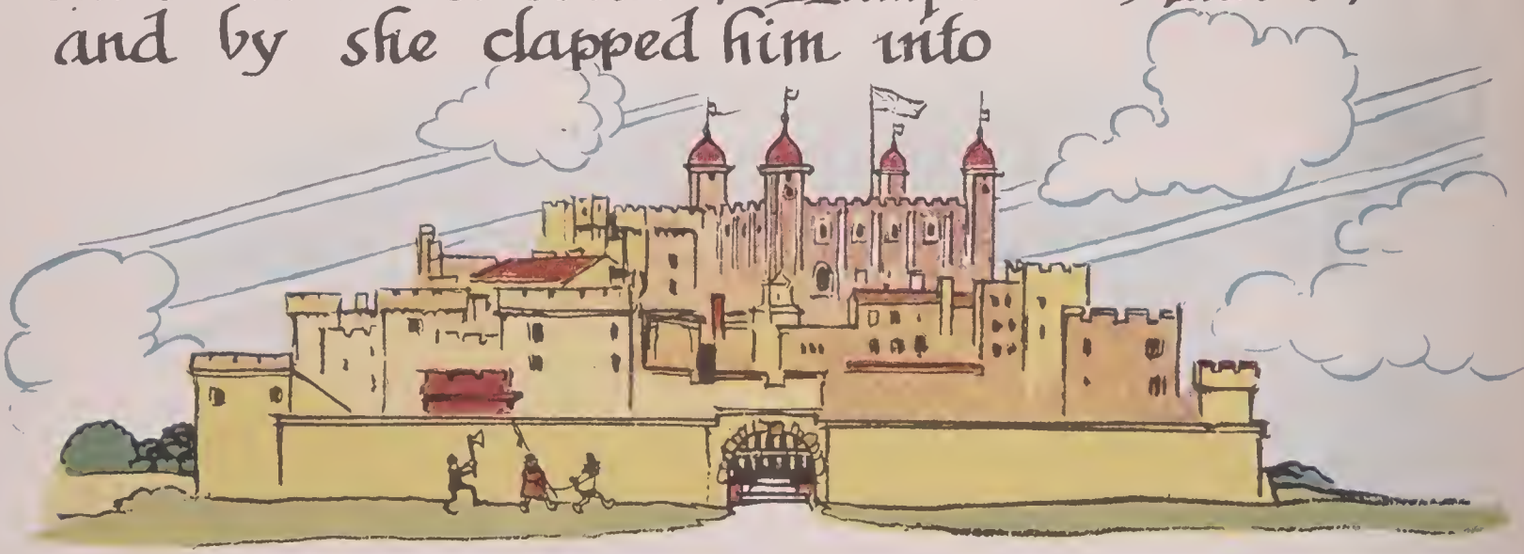
Put this in your pipe and smoke it, my lord!" he said to the Chancellor, handing him the other parcel.

But turning the coat had reversed the pockets. The Lord High Chancellor received the potato and the Queen the handful of tobacco leaves.

History does not record what took place at

dinner that evening. It is a well Known fact, however, that Queen Elizabeth snubbed her one-time favorite from that hour.

She turned up her nose whenever she saw him and uttered a loud, "Humph!" And by and by she clapped him into



the Tower of London,

where his only consolation was an occasional pipe of good Virginia Tobacco.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

AND HIS EDUCATED EGG

Everybody knows that Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa nearly five hundred years Ago, but few people except the writer of this story know that at one time in his life he was a poultry fancier. He raised hundreds of chickens and ducks and geese & turkeys; and everyday he took a basketfull of eggs to market and sold them to rich people for their breakfasts.

Now as you probably know, fowls are greedy creatures

and it took all the money poor Chris could make in the egg business to buy enough corn to feed them.

He decided to go to Spain where the price of corn was lower. So he sold his ducks and geese and chickens & turkeys and set out, leading his favorite long-legged rooster & carrying upon his back a crate which contained a hundred eggs carefully packed to avoid breakage

When Chris arrived in Spain, the first thing he did was to boil a dozen eggs for his breakfast. He could not eat a whole dozen of course so he began to try some tricks with those that were left. But first he boiled them hard so that there should be no accidents.

Nobody came to see him at first and the days were long, — so he passed the time inventing parlor tricks with eggs, thinking they would be of use when he should get into society. By and by he became so skilled that he could juggle six hard boiled eggs at the same time - and even change their shapes and colors. But perhaps his best trick was making an egg stand upright on a table. This was done by slamming the egg down hard enough to crack the shell a little, thus forming a flat bottom which enabled it to stand without rolling.

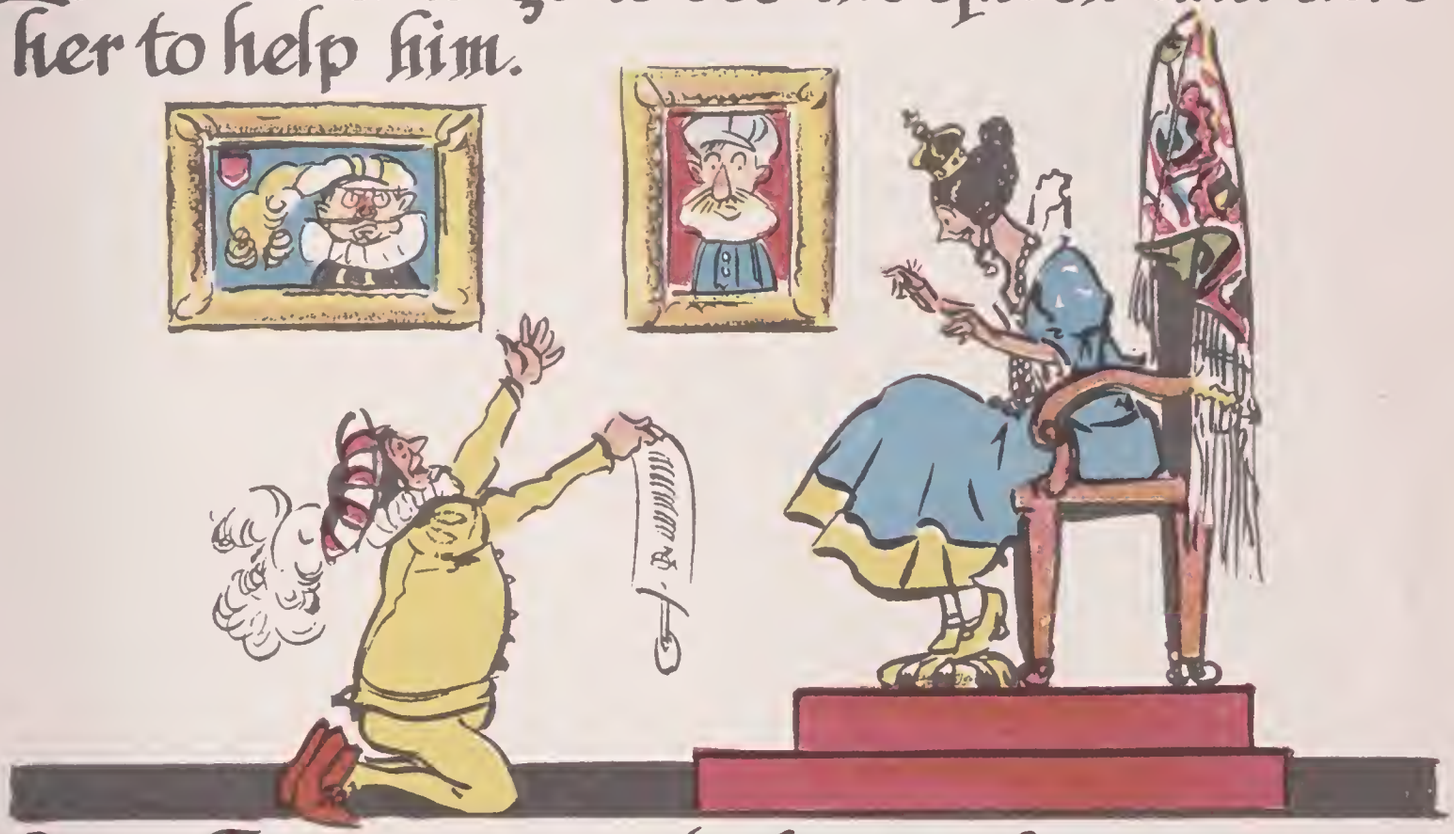
By and by the neighbors began to take notice of Chris and he became popular in society because of his tricks, which were much admired.

Now Chris concluded that the chicken business was no occupation for a gentleman, so he decided to devote himself to geography. He pored over maps and charts all the time that he was not going to parties, and learned all there was to be known about the world which was not much, because most people believed in those days that the earth was flat.

One night Chris had a dream. He had eaten too much Welsh Rabbit for his supper and he dreamed the earth was round. When he woke up, the idea seemed foolish to him, but he thought about it and thought about it and finally he began to believe it was true. "Yes," he said to himself, "the world is as round as an orange! And if a ship should sail West for months and months and months, it would come at last to India and that would be nice for everybody!"

He ran next door to tell his neighbors his new idea, but they made fun of him and

told him he was crazy. This made Chris angry and he said that if he only had some money and some ships he would prove that India could be reached by sailing Westward. He decided to go to see the queen and ask her to help him.



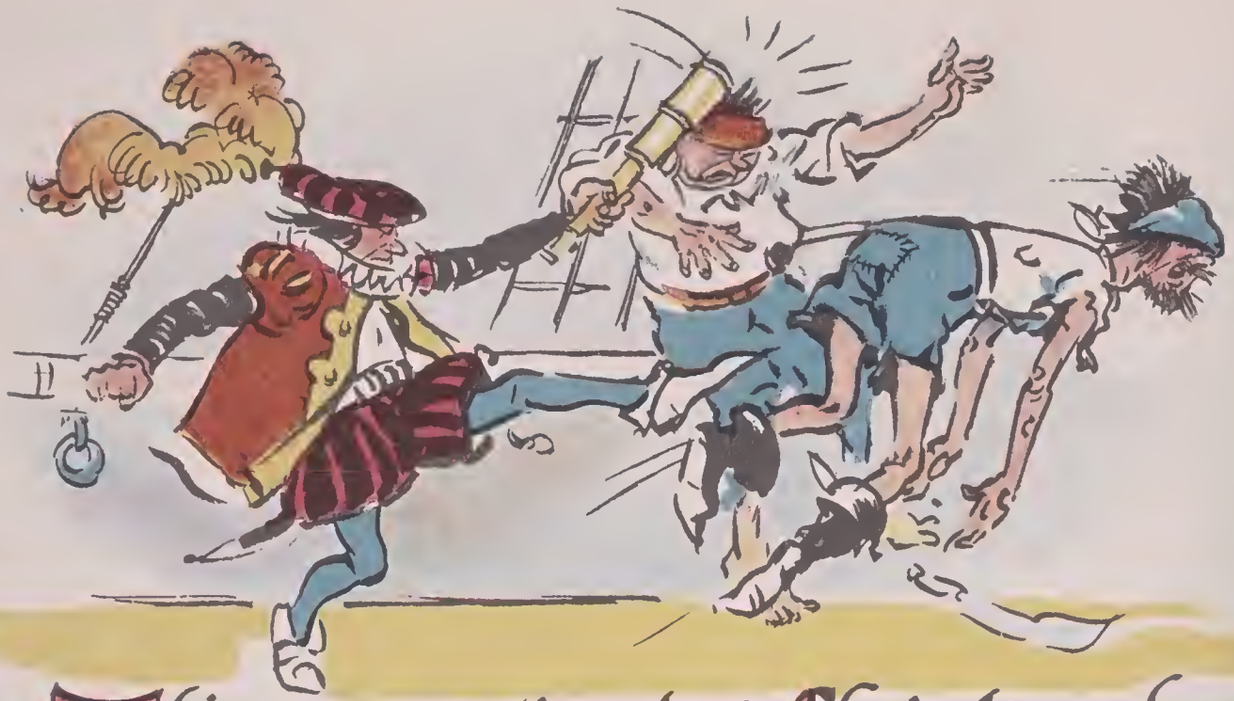
Queen Isabella was delighted at the idea of a new way to the East and pulling off her diamond and pearl necklaces & her emerald and sapphire rings and bracelets, she dropped them into Christopher's hat, telling him to sell them and sail away to India by all means.

She made him an admiral, besides, and gave him three ships which were called the "Niña," the "Pinta" and "Santa Maria." Next day Chris dressed himself in an admiral's uniform of velvet and silk, with a gold chain around his neck, a feather in his hat and a spy-glass under his arm. The first thing was to hire crews for his ships, but this was not easy because the sailors believed the world was flat and were afraid they might come to the edge of it and fall off. At last he succeeded in signing up a crew of good-for-nothings and cut-throats, who were the best shipmates he could get.

When the ships set sail, Chris's friends gathered to see him off, but they were not at all nice about the enterprise.

They laughed until they burst their buttons, — because they thought it so silly of Chris to fancy he could reach the East by sailing to the West

After several weeks of sailing without sight of land, the crew began to be afraid they would soon come to the jumping-off place. They ordered Chris to turn around and go back to Spain.



This was mutiny, but Chris knew how to handle it. Biff! Bang! After he had given the crew a taste of shoe-leather and hit them over the head with his spy-glass, there was no more talk about going home.
Many more days passed before the lookout on the "Pinta" shouted, "Land ahead!"

This happened on Columbus Day in the year 1492.

Everybody was wild with joy and Admiral Columbus and his men went ashore to find out what kind of a country they had discovered. It was an island and Chris named it "San Salvador." He thought it was a part of India and called the natives "Indians."

Their happiness was short lived, however, because the savages were not pleased to see visitors and made it hot for them with

their tomahawks and poisoned arrows.

The sailors would all have been killed if Chris had not remembered that an eclipse of the sun was due at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He told the redskins that he would darken the sky at that hour. At first they

laughed, but when the eclipse actually took place, they decided that Chris was a white god and became exceedingly cordial.

After discovering more islands the ships set sail for home.

Chris took with him gold, furs, birds, fruits and animals of the strange country, as well as a number of live redskins to show to the queen.

Isabella was delighted with her presents and invited the nobles to a banquet in honor of Admiral Columbus

Chris sat next to the queen and talked so much about his adventures that the guests began to yawn and several of them fell asleep. Even Queen Isabella could hardly keep her eyes open. It was plain that something must be done to liven up the party. Suddenly Chris remembered the

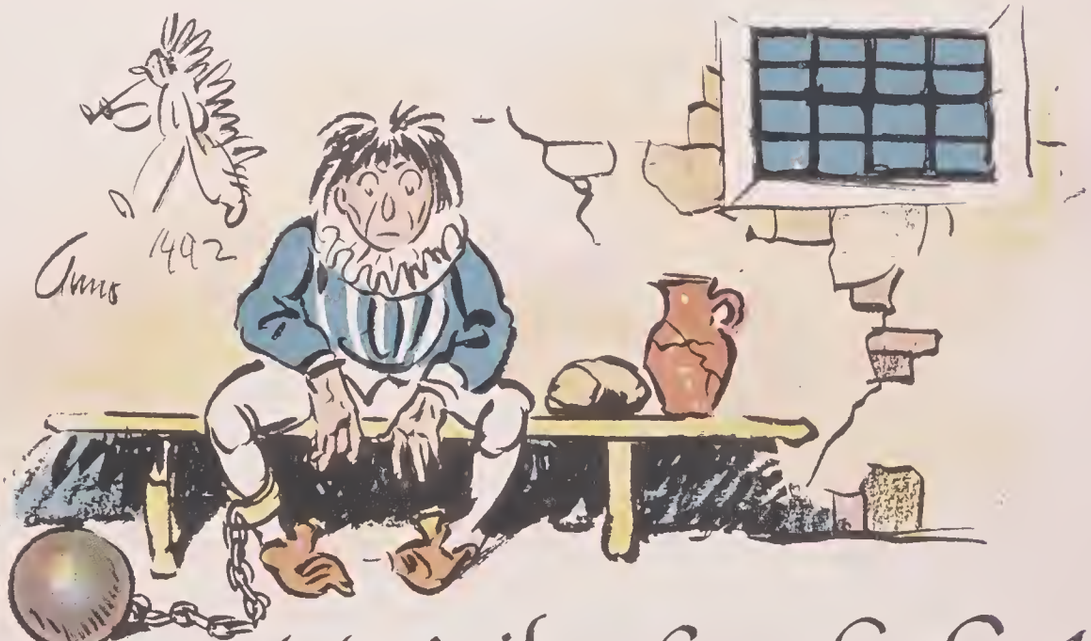
tricks he used to do before he became admiral. He ordered the head steward to fetch six eggs, adding the letters "P.D.Q." whatever they may mean. But he forgot to tell the steward that the eggs must be hard-boiled.

When the eggs arrived Chris performed his juggling trick and everybody waked up and applauded. Encouraged by success, he invited the queen to sit beside him and watch at close range the greatest parlor trick ever performed, which was no other than his old favorite, making an egg stand on end on a table.

"Watch this, your majesty!" he cried. "Keep your eye on the egg! Here she goes!"

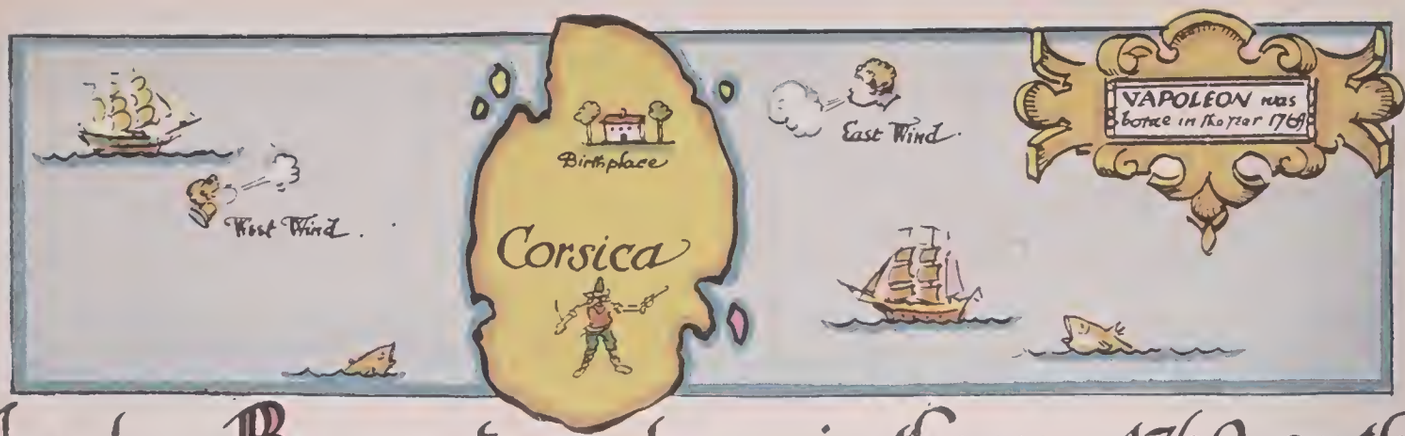
But the egg was not boiled.

Chris apologized and apologized and apologized, but it was no use.

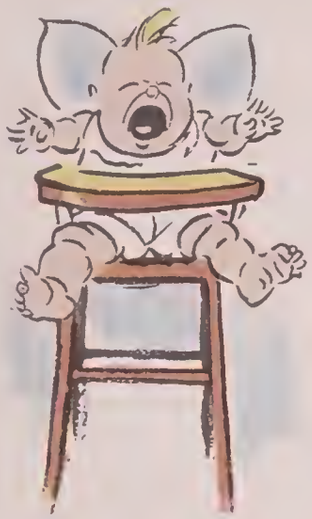


He was sent to jail where he had plenty of time to think about his troubles.

HOW A PIECE OF FRENCH PASTRY WAS NAMED AFTER THE GREAT NAPOLEON.



Napoleon Bonaparte was borne in the year 1769 on the island of Corsica. When he was no more than a baby he showed a distinct fondness for sweets and his mother was always able to pacify his outbursts of temper by giving him a cooky.

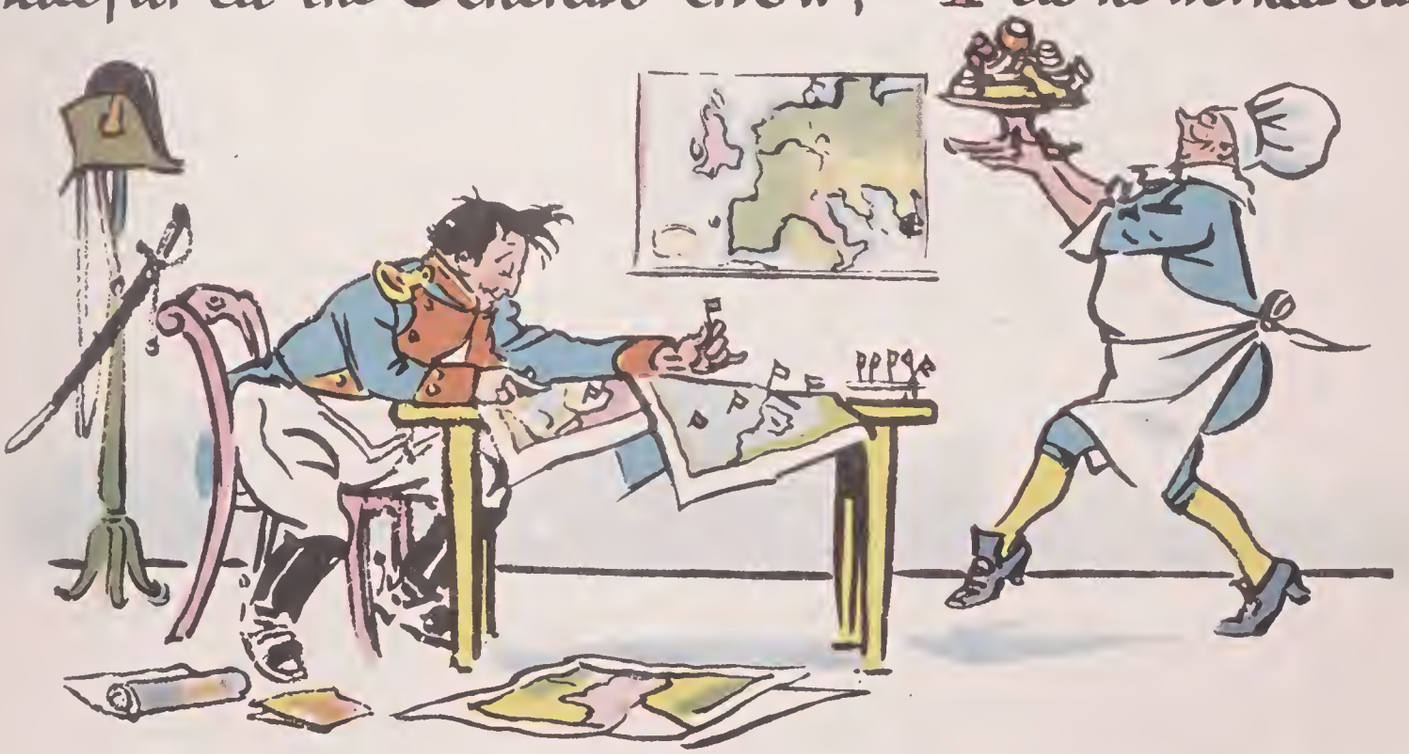


Napoleon went to the military school at Brienne when he was nine years old. He was never popular with his school-mates because he was not willing to share with them the delicious cakes and tarts which his mother sent him from home.

After Napoleon became a great general, he was still fond of sweets.

He engaged an expert cook, named François, whose duty it was to keep his master supplied with fresh-baked pastries.

Without a word, François would deposit a delicious plateful at the General's elbow, as he worked out



plans for battles with the aid of maps and little flags. And always, when he came back for the plate, he found it empty.

Napoleon did not interrupt his work while he was eating his favorite confections.—He would keep his right hand on the map and help himself with his left to pastries.

Sometimes he would absent-mindedly wipe his sticky fingers on his forelock and that is why you see so many portraits of the great man with the celebrated lock of hair sticking to his forehead.

Presently Napoleon hit upon a splendid idea. He had a special breast-pocket made in his uniforms and lined with oil-cloth. In this he always carried a sweet - so that he might have one, whenever he felt like it.

His pictures as you have probably noticed, often show the hand in the breastpocket. He is making sure that the

tid-bit has not been forgotten.

Napoleon won a great many battles and made himself master of Europe. Then he proclaimed himself — "Emperor of the French."
His glory came to an end, however, when he was defeated in battle by two distinguished generals at a place called Waterloo in Belgium.

One of the generals was the Duke of Wellington who

was often called the "Iron Duke;" the other was Prince Blücher, whose nick-name was "Marshal Forward."

A terrific battle was waged at Waterloo between the armies of the Allies under Wellington and Blücher—and the French under the command of Napoleon. The battle went badly for the French from the start and Napoleon began to feel nervous. He sent for Marshal Ney, who commanded his cavalry, and said to him, "Stand on yonder hill and watch. When I wave my kerchief, it will be the signal for you to attack."

Things went from bad to worse and Napoleon grew more and more discouraged. His adjutants felt that something must be done to cheer him up, so they ran for François in a hurry.

"Quick, François!" they said. "Make some sweets for the Emperor, or the day is lost for France!"

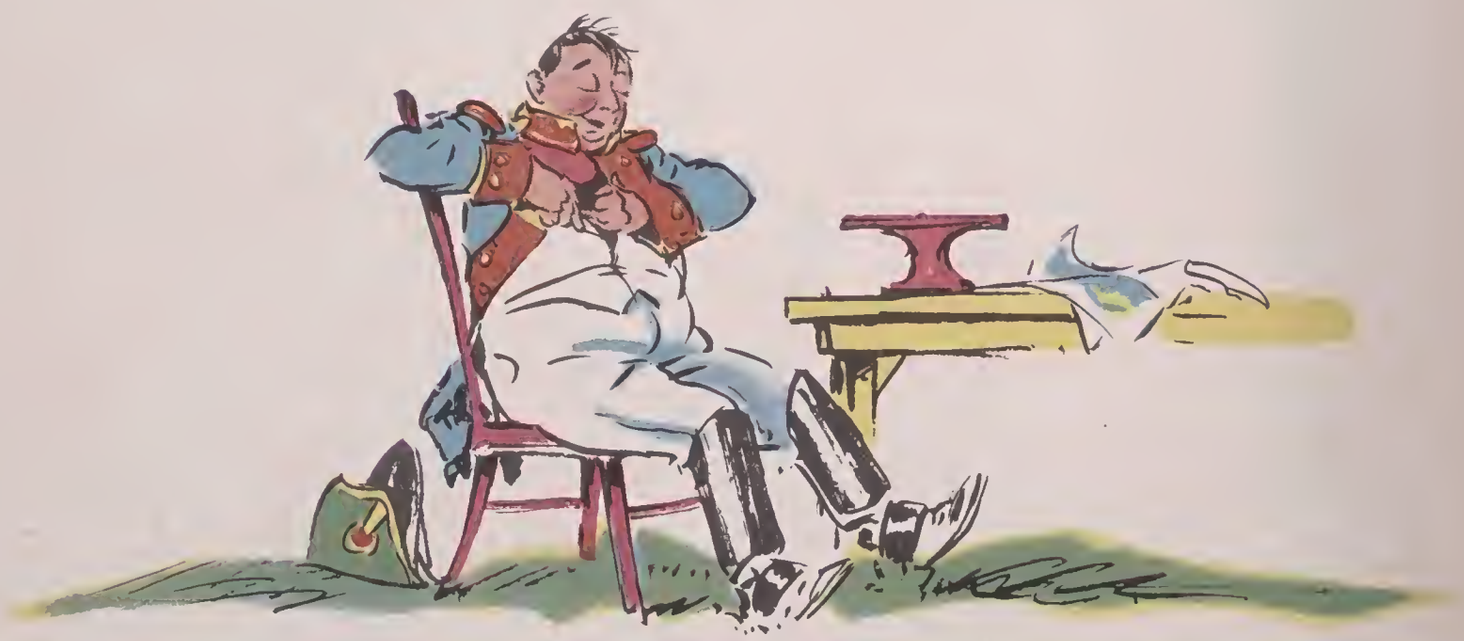
In a jiffy François baked a new kind of pastry with yellow custard between the layers.

He rushed out to the battle-field unmindful of flying bullets, and

presented his offering to the Emperor.

Napoleon was delighted. He ate one and then another and another – and then he licked his fingers.

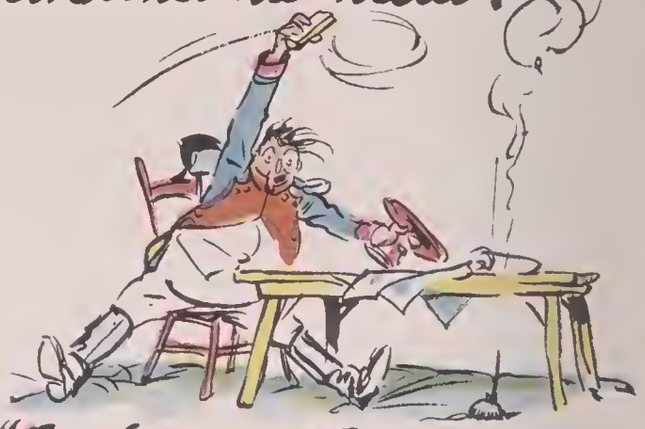
The last one he stuffed into his oil-cloth pocket



He only thought how delicious the confections were and how fortunate he was to have such a good cook.

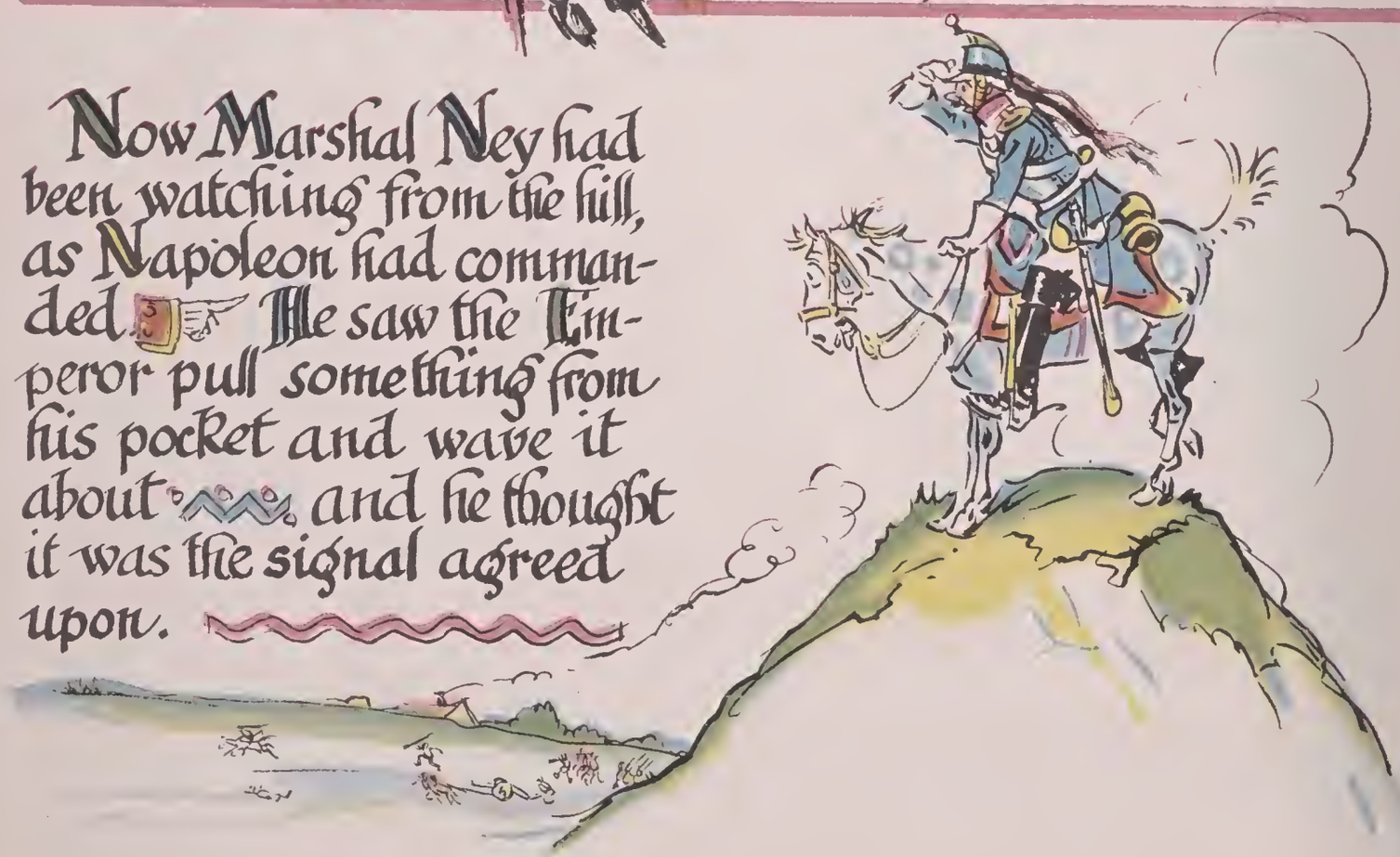
But the officers were growing anxious. They reminded him that things were in a bad way.

Napoleon refused to be depressed. "Ha!" he cried, pulling the last pastry from his pocket and waving it around his head.



"So long as I have one of these, all is not lost!"

Now Marshal Ney had been watching from the hill, as Napoleon had commanded. He saw the Emperor pull something from his pocket and wave it about, and he thought it was the signal agreed upon.



He right-about-faced and ordered his men to mount. The disastrous cavalry charge of the battle of Waterloo had started -

at the wrong moment!

A little later one whole brigade was floundering in a ditch and the main body of cavalry had been put to rout by Wellington's gunners and infantry.

Too late Napoleon realized that some-one had made a terrible blunder. The battle was soon lost and he had to escape from the battle-field in a carriage, with Blücher in hot pursuit.

Bullets flew thick and fast. One of them knocked the piece of pastry, which the Emperor still held, into his hat —

for he had not had time to put it on his head in the hurry of his flight.

Then he jumped out of the carriage, mounted a horse,

and rode hatless to Paris, without stopping once along the way.

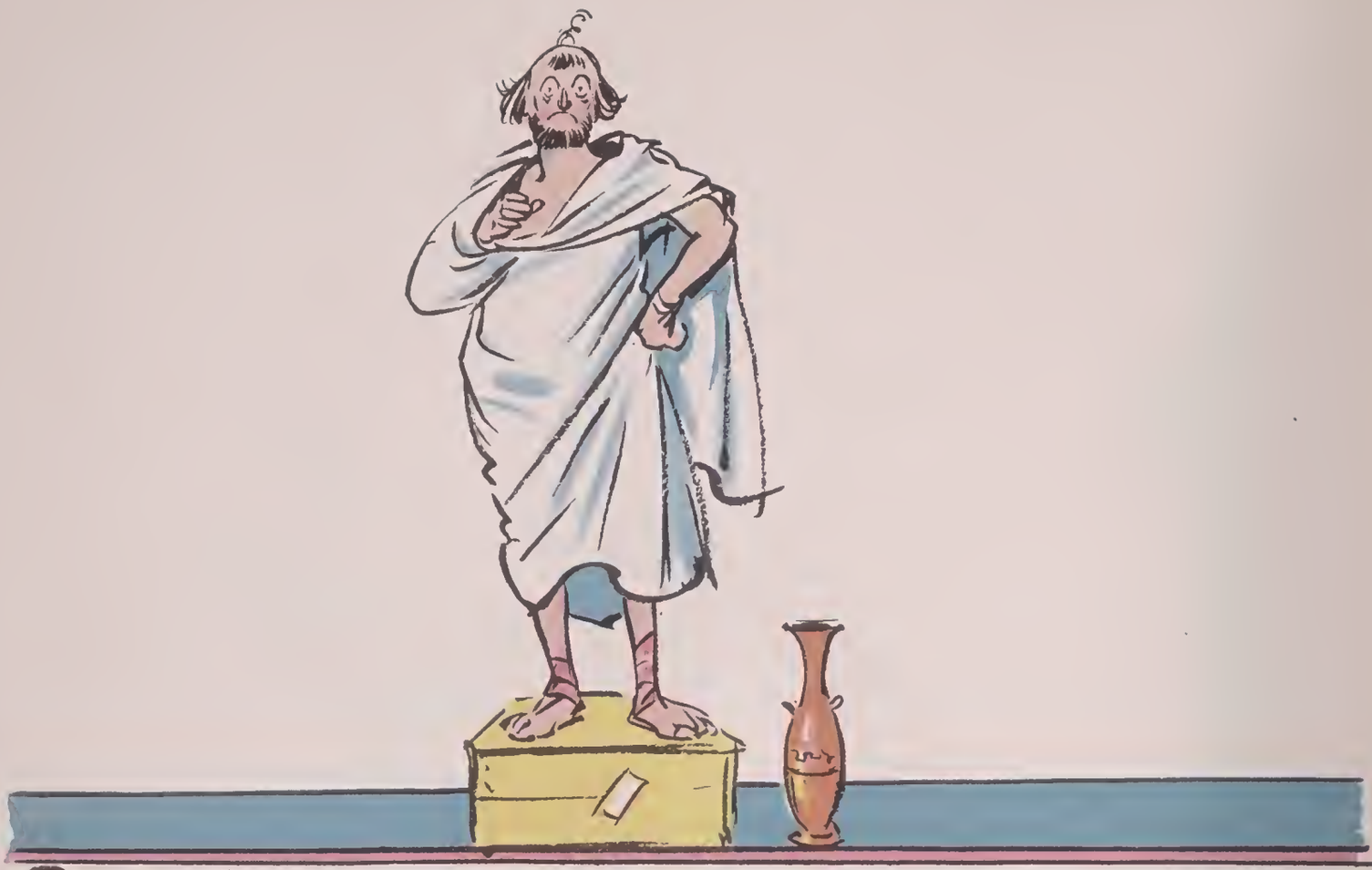
Marshal Forward captured the carriage and in it he found the Emperor's hat. Inside the hat was the fatal piece of French pastry!
Blücher showed his discovery to Wellington. And because the confection was the cause of the French disaster,

they decided to call it a "Napoleon" - which is the name it is known by to this day.

After his defeat, Napoleon was not allowed to be Emperor of the French any longer. He was sent into exile on the British island of St. Helena, where he was very sad and very lonely.

Some of his admirers, thinking to cheer him up, sent him parcels of pastries, but he could never bear the sight of them again, because they made him think of his great disaster at Waterloo.

HOW DEMOSTHENES INSPIRED A FAMOUS PHRASE



Demosthenes was the most eloquent orator of the ancient world. He lived in Greece in the City of Athens more than two thousand years ago.

When the Athenians came together to hear him speak, he could make them rock with laughter, — or

or cry gallons of tears,
or get as mad as hops, just as he chose that they should do.

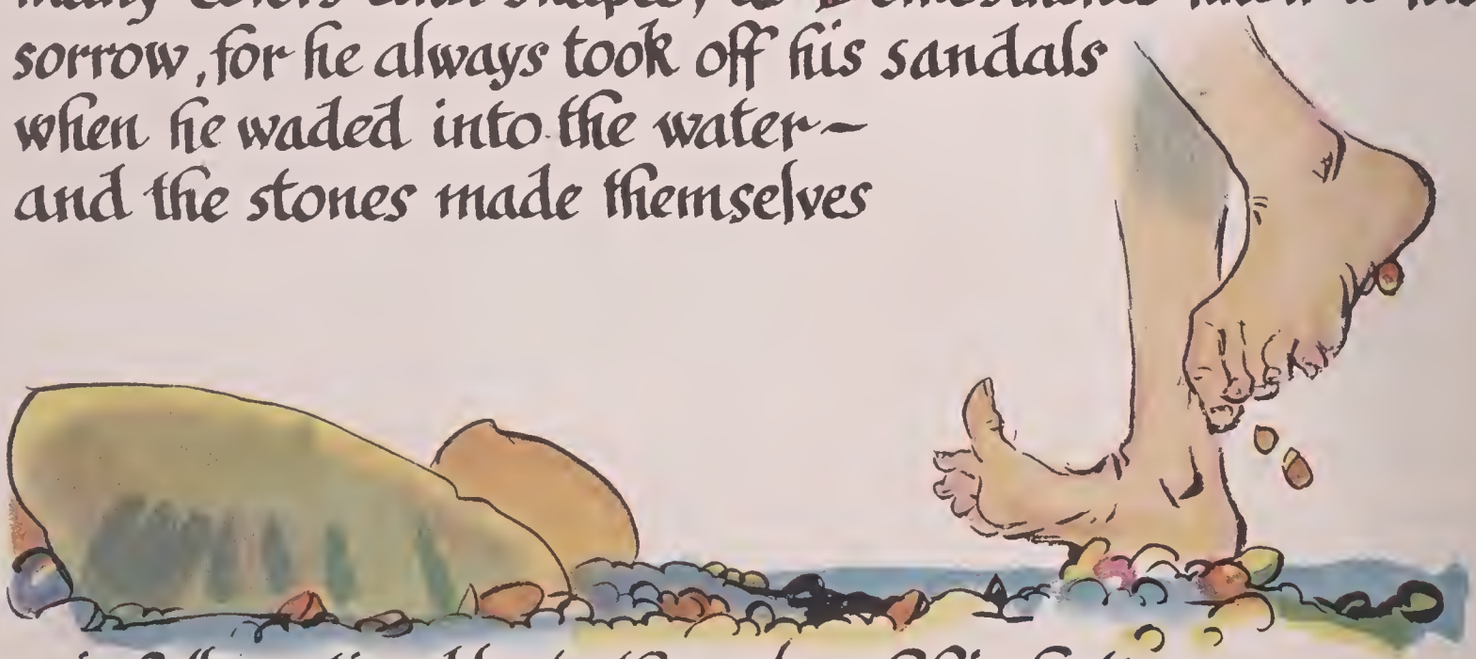
This was the more remarkable because Demosthenes himself, as a young man, was an awkward fellow with a hollow chest and one shoulder higher than the other – and, worst of all, he had an impediment in his speech, which made it difficult for him to talk distinctly.

When he first took up oratory, his audiences made fun of him, but their jeers were soon turned to admiration for Demosthenes had the will to overcome all obstacles. He corrected his habit of raising one shoulder by standing for hours with a sword suspended above him, hung so that it would prick him, if he let himself fall into the wrong position; and he strengthened his lungs by reciting poetry while he was running uphill.

His voice was weak, too, and the way he developed enough volume to address great audiences was most unusual. He used to go to the seashore, where the waves were continually crashing on the rocks, and would try to outshout the noise they made.

For two hours each day he addressed the breaking waves and in time his voice became so powerful that it scared the fishes and the sea-birds almost into nervous prostration.

The beach was covered with millions of pebbles of many colors and shapes, as Demosthenes knew to his sorrow, for he always took off his sandals when he waded into the water— and the stones made themselves

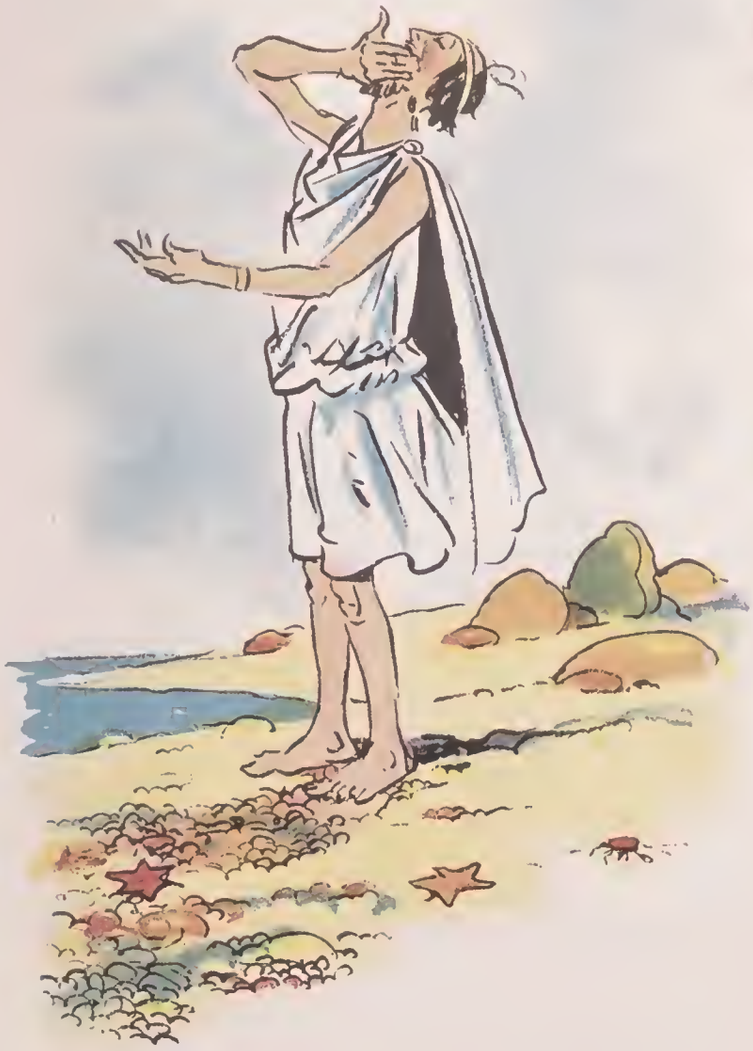


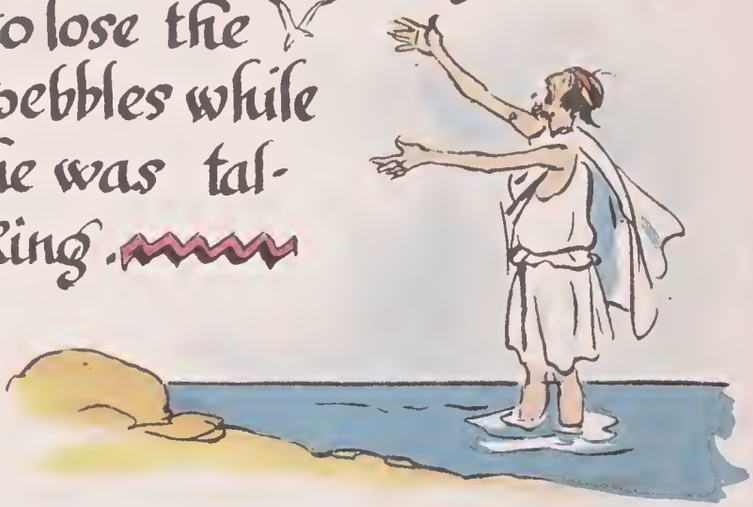
painfully noticeable to the soles of his feet.

If it had been a sandy beach, rather than a pebbly one, Demosthenes would never have been heard of, for it was the pebbles which were the means of curing his speech defect.

He used to collect a dozen or so and put them into his mouth.

Then he would try to talk. The hardest thing was not to lose the pebbles while he was talking.





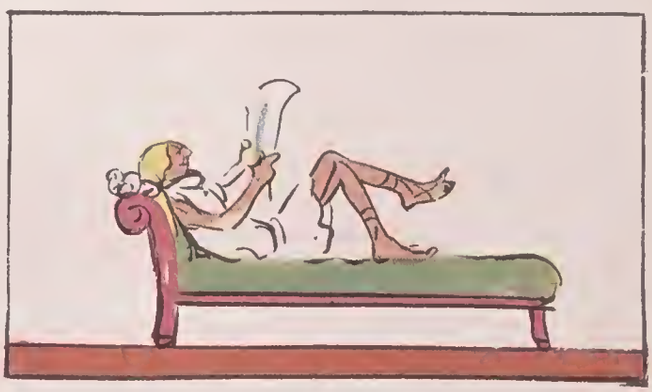
He was soon able to speak as distinctly as any body; and he got so he really preferred to talk with a mouthful of pebbles. When Demosthenes was at the height of his career, another orator by the name of

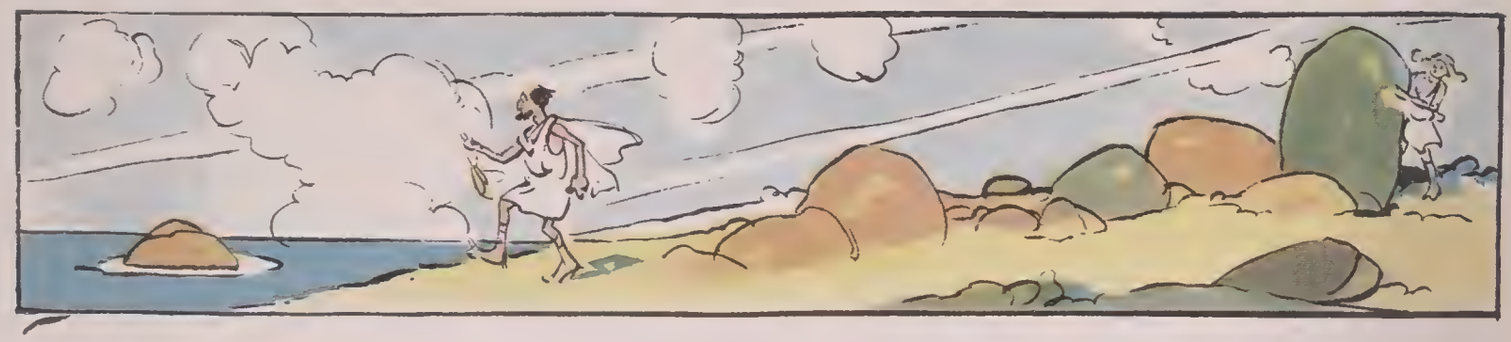
Marcel became his rival. Marcel was jealous of

Demosthenes and challenged him to a public contest.

The great man accepted the challenge scornfully, for he thought Marcel very small potatoes as an orator. "I will out-speak Marcel," he said to his friends with a flourish, "even though my mouth be filled with pebbles" — which was the same thing as saying, "I could fight him with one hand tied behind me!"

A date was set and both orators started to train for the contest.

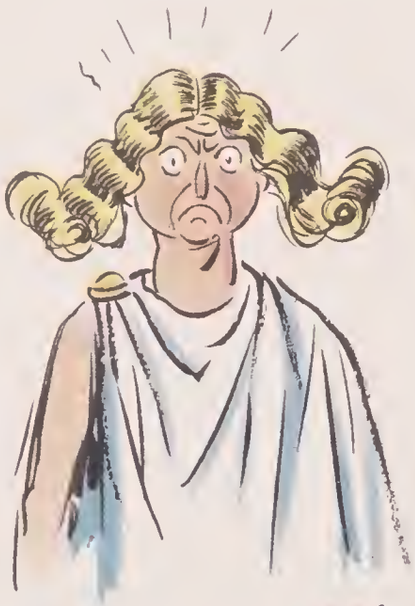




Marcel kept close watch on Demosthenes. He followed him to the sea-shore and hid behind a rock to observe his movements.

To his surprise Demosthenes walked along the beach collecting pebbles which he selected with great care. Only the small black oval ones seemed to please him and when he had collected a handful, he popped them into his mouth.

Then he addressed the waves most eloquently and in a loud voice.

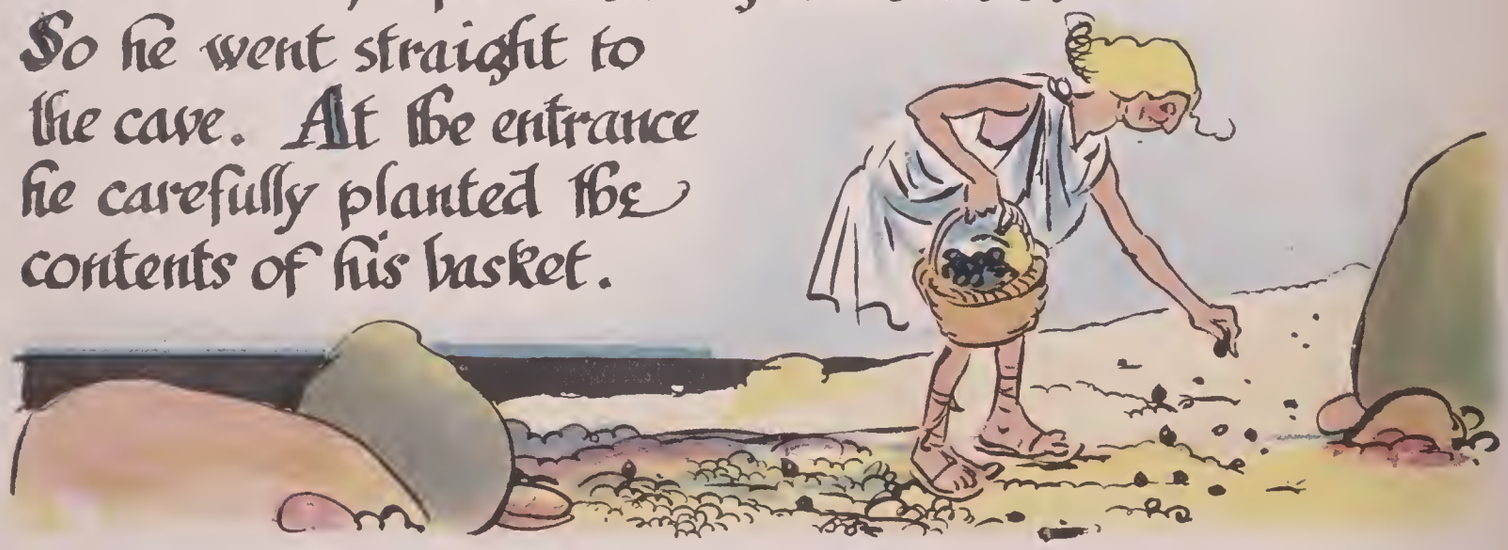


Marcel was discouraged. He felt very nervous about the outcome of the contest until he thought of a cunning scheme to foil his opponent.

The evening before the great day Marcel might have been seen walking on the sea-shore, carrying a basket filled with small, shiny oval black objects.

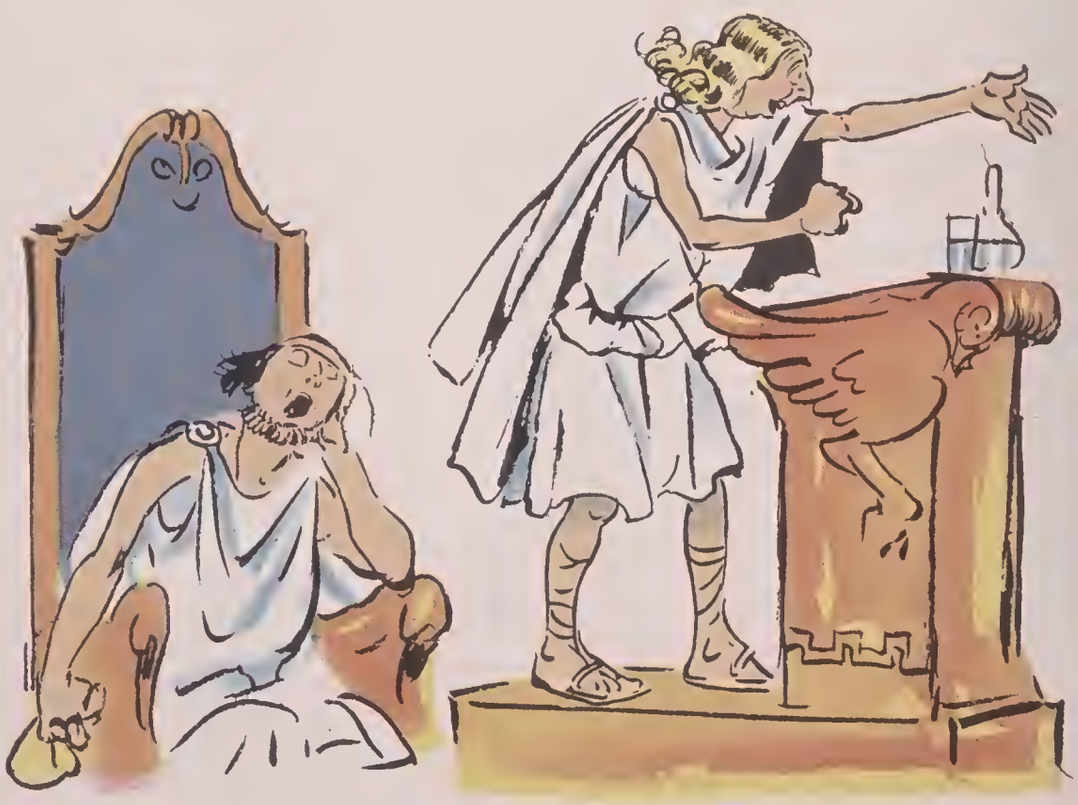
Now Demosthenes had fitted up a room in a cave by the sea, so that he might have a place to practise his orations without interruption. Marcel guessed shrewdly that he would come there to spend the night and run over his lines, before entering the contest.

So he went straight to the cave. At the entrance he carefully planted the contents of his basket.



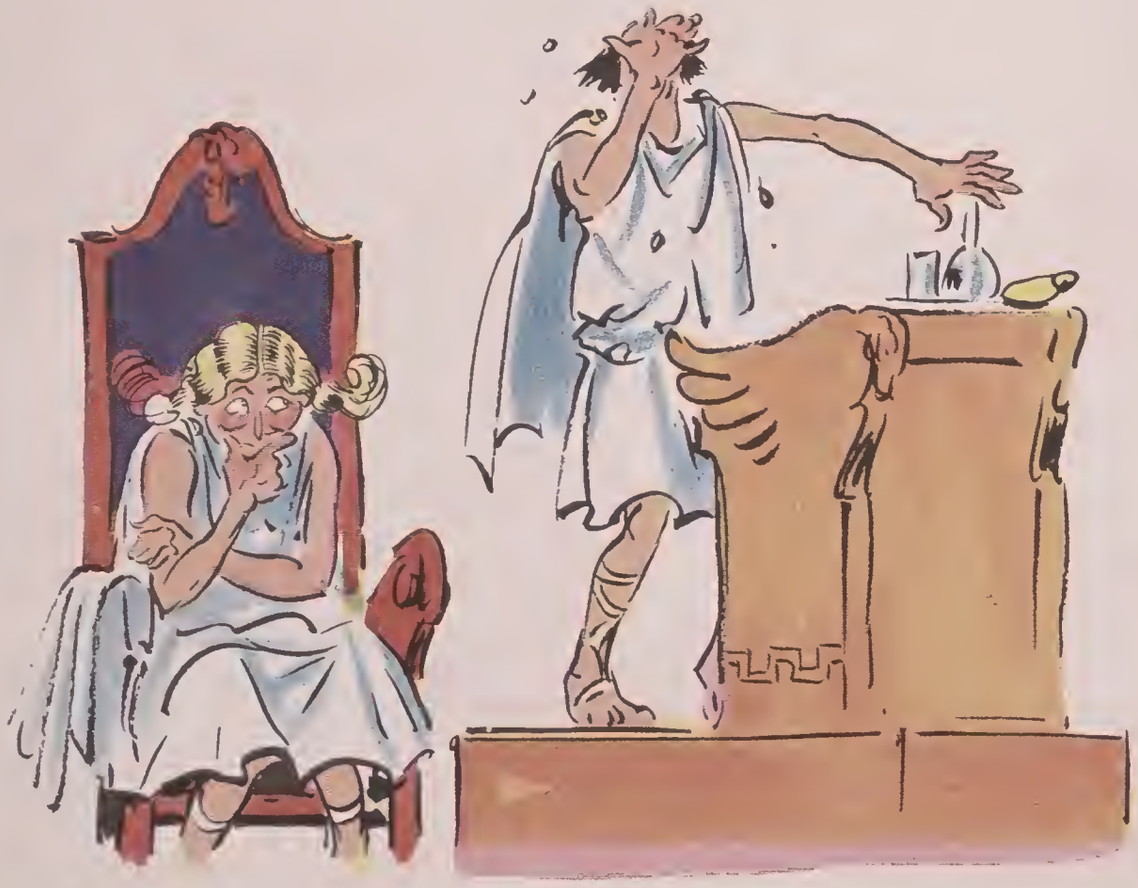
It all happened as the wily Marcel had planned. Demosthenes spent the night in the cave and at daybreak, when he came out upon the beach, he picked up one after another of the small black objects which Marcel had placed at the mouth of the cave. He put them into a bag and started back to Athens. The contest was set for one o'clock and both orators spent the rest of the morning getting ready. Demosthenes shaved and Marcel curled his hair.

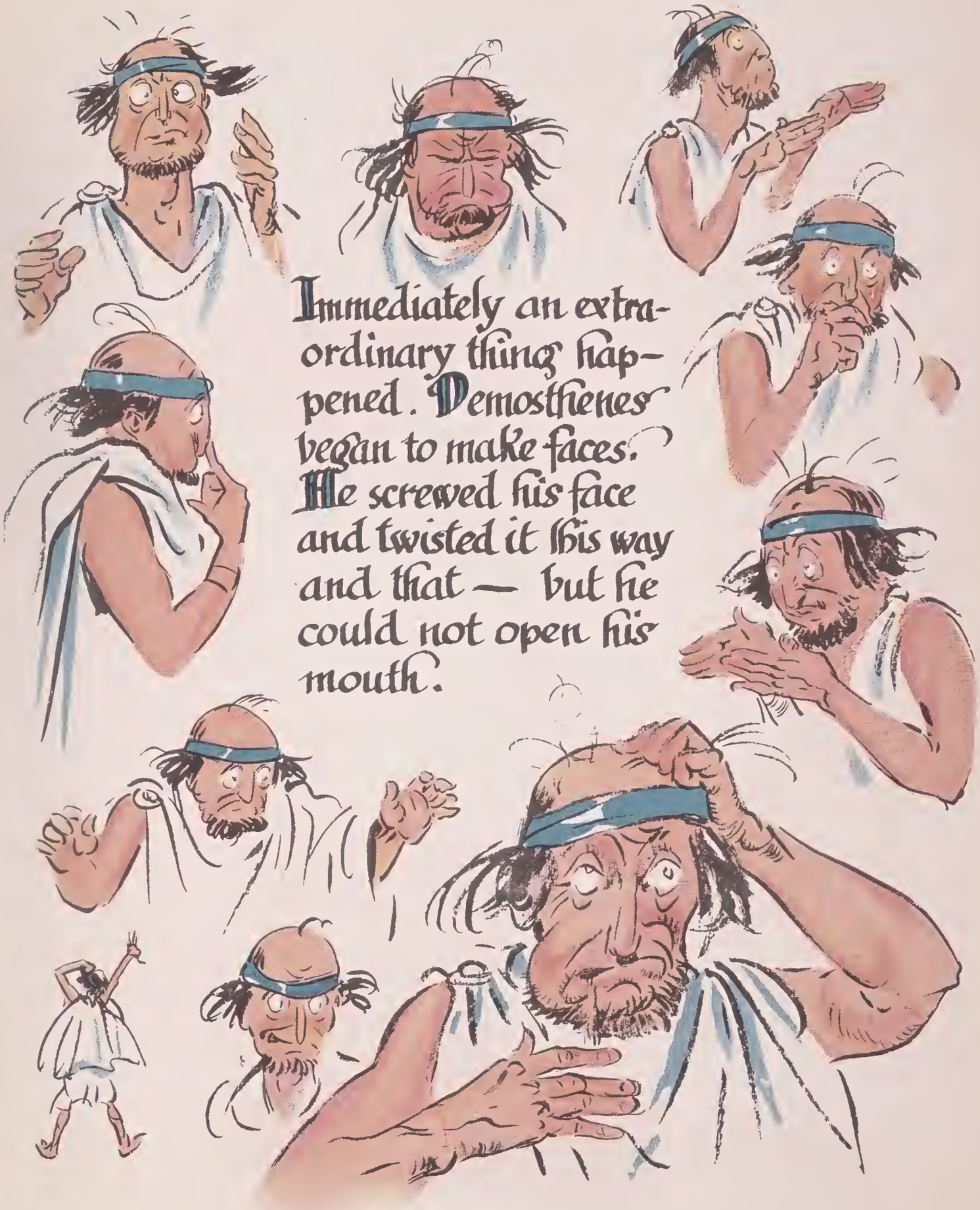
Marcel was first on the program. His oration seemed to please the audience, but Demosthenes showed his contempt by falling asleep. Even in sleep, however, he gripped his bag tightly with one hand. Marcel finished amid great applause



and Demosthenes stepped to the platform. "Gentlemen," he began, scowling at his rival, "it is not my intention to compete on equal terms with a beginner like our friend Marcel. I propose to address you with my mouth filled with these pebbles which I picked up on sea-shore this morning."

So saying, he poured the contents of the bag upon the palm of his hand and emptied all the "pebbles" into his mouth with one great gulp.



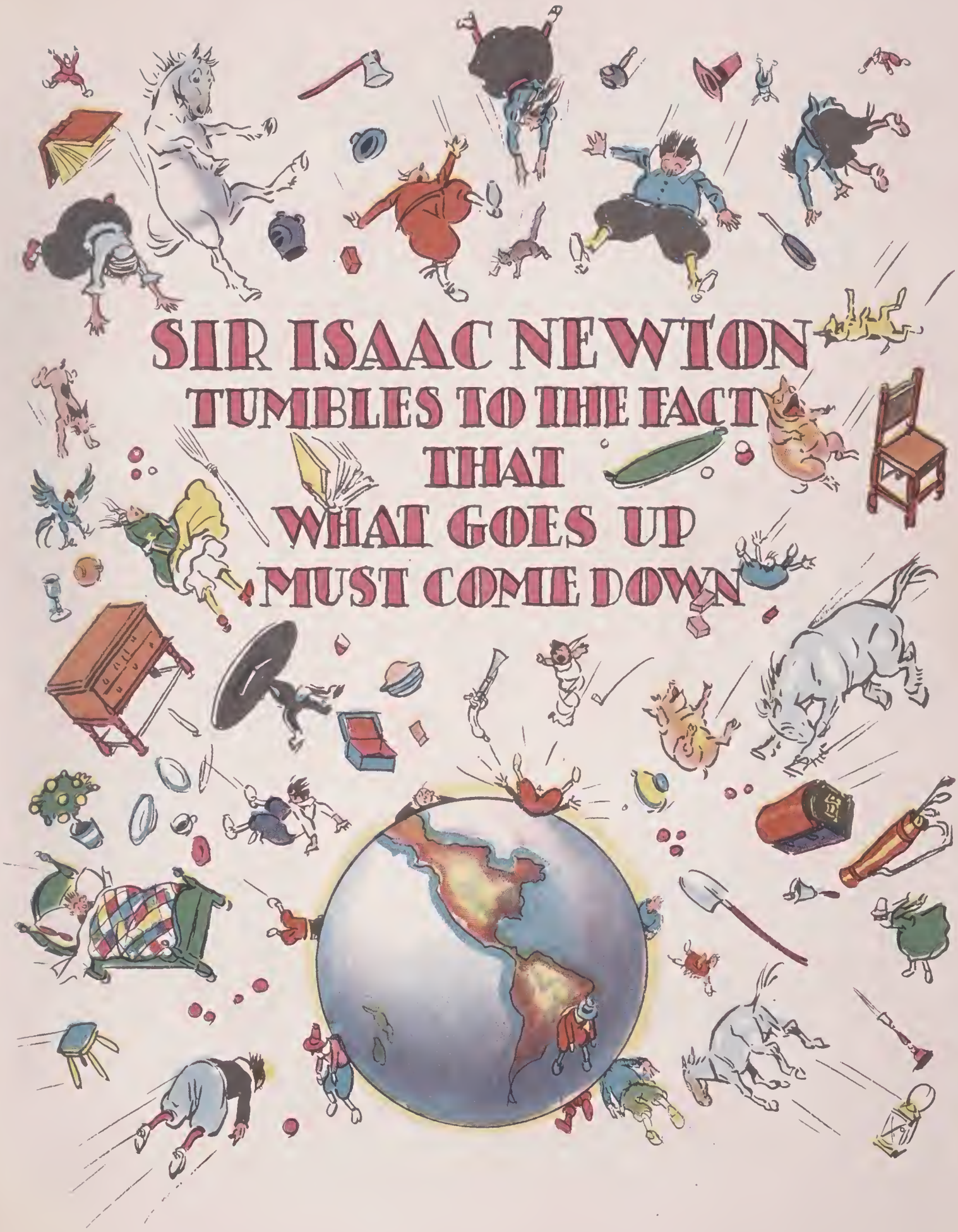

Immediately an extra-
ordinary thing hap-
pened. Demosthenes
began to make faces.
He screwed his face
and twisted it this way
and that — but he
could not open his
mouth.

"Speak! Speak, noble Demosthenes!" cried the people.

But Demosthenes could not say a word —

for his mouth was

FULL of PRUNES!


SIR ISAAC NEWTON
TUMBLES TO THE FACT
THAT
WHAT GOES UP
MUST COME DOWN

Sir Isaac Newton, the great scientist, was exceedingly fond of deep-dish-apple-pie.

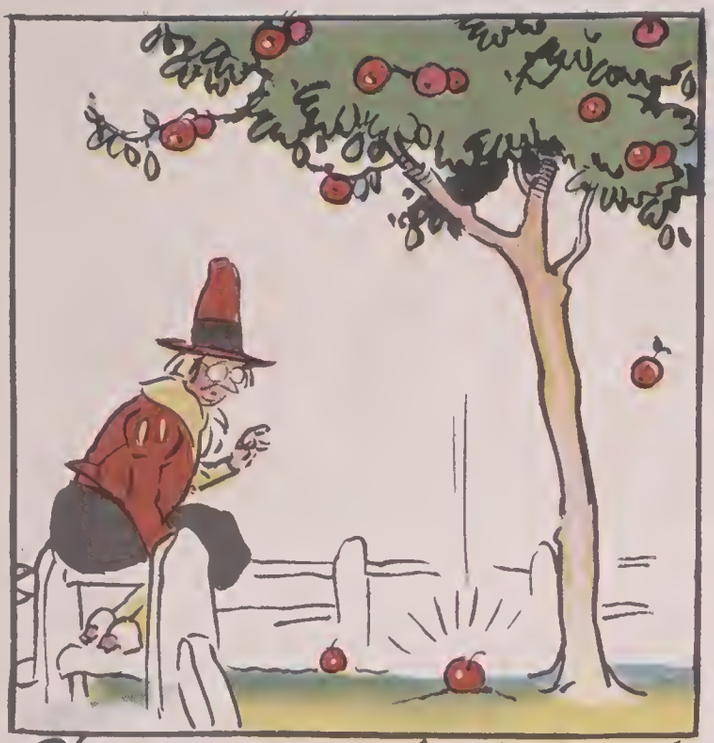
When apples were in season he insisted on having his favorite pie three times a day and relished it particularly for his breakfast.

Every morning he visited his orchard, which was his hobby, to collect wind-falls--for he thought the fruit which dropped to the ground was the sweetest. One morning he was annoyed to find that some naughty boys had been stealing his apples.

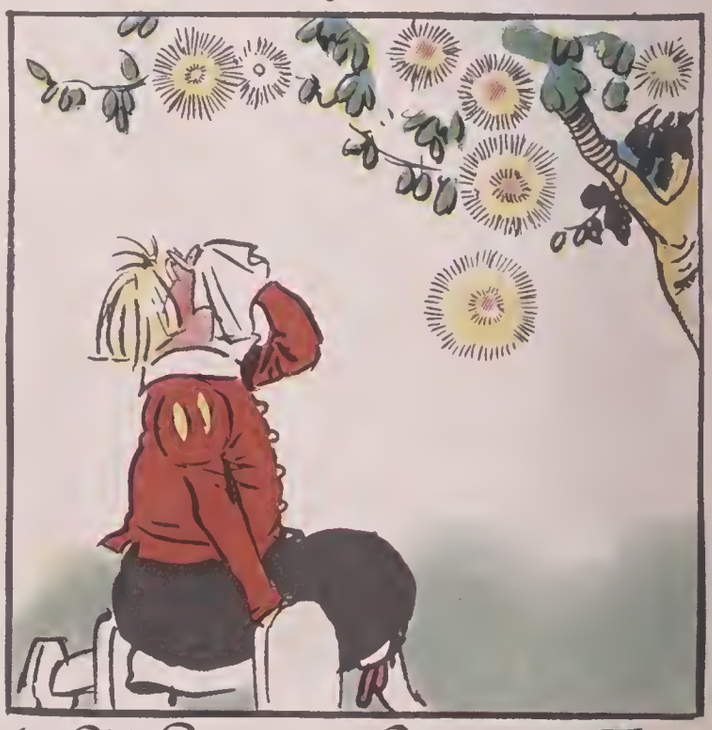
'To put a stop to this, he built a fence around

the orchard. When it was com-
pleted he seated himself upon the top rail and

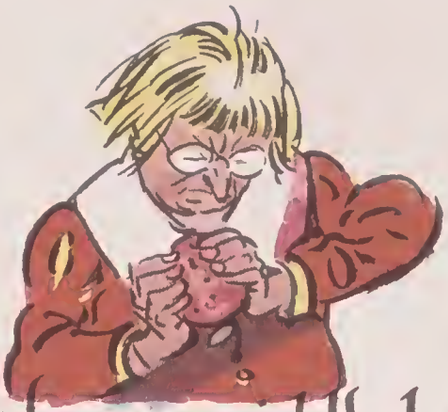
surveyed his Baldwins and Greenings and Pippins
and Northern Spies with satisfaction.



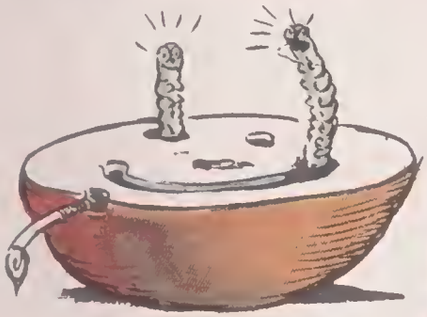
Plop! An apple dropped to the ground. There was no breeze. Sir Isaac wondered why it fell. —



Biff! Down came another and hit him on the nose. It was a hard hit and Sir Isaac blinked. For a few moments he saw stars in the trees instead of fruit.



The offending apple was riddled with small holes. He broke it in two and discovered a pair of wriggly worms



that had tunnelled subways in the delicious pulp. "Tut! Tut! – This will never do", said Newton to himself. – "First it is naughty boys and now it is worms!" And he got down from the fence and began to examine the trees. Sure enough, there were

hundreds of worms crawling up the bark towards the ripe fruit. "These are my apples, not yours!" he said angrily to the worms; and he

ran to the house and fetched a pot of glue and a brush.

Then he painted rings of glue around all the tree-trunks to stop the upward pilgrimage of the worms.

When he finished he placed the glue-pot underneath the fence where he was accustomed to sit, so as to have it handy for future treatments.

When the worms reached the rings of glue there was a great disturbance. Those who stepped into it stuck fast and whiffled with rage. It was plain that the march up to the apples could not go on.

The head-worm called an indignation meeting. In an ardent speech he pointed out that Sir Isaac Newton was the perpetrator of the outrage against their wormhood & urged revenge.

No sooner said than done
While Sir Isaac still pondered

"Fellow worms!" he cried, "let us destroy the fence on which this monster sits! Let us make the finest network of subterranean tunnels ever bored in Wormdom. Then the rail will collapse when the wretch bears his weight upon it. Let the work of vengeance start at once and mind that there are no slackers!"

why the apples fell, hundreds of outraged worms were hard at work at the very rail on which he sat. They bored & bored & bored; and fine saw dust accumulated in little heaps on the ground beneath the fence. Always the worm foreman urged the workers to fresh endeavour. The work was at last completed

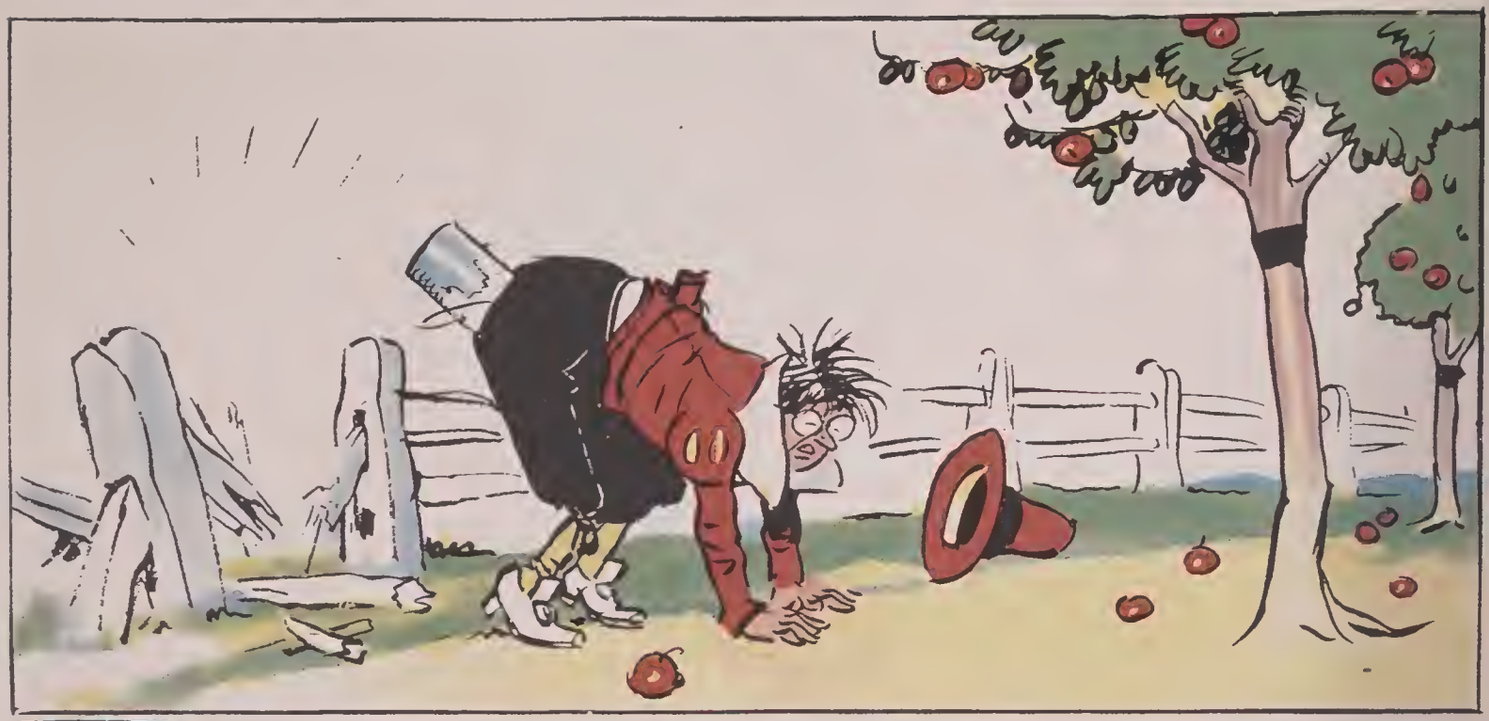
The next day Sir Isaac Newton visited the orchard as usual and took his accustomed seat. Now the problems of Science are like the game of Blindman's Buff. Warm-Warmer— and then you have it! — Sir Isaac was getting "warmer". He felt sure that he was on the right track. "The moon swings around the earth like a ball on the end of a string," he said to himself.

"What keeps it from flying off among the stars?" Then he answered himself proudly, "The force that holds the universe together! - The same thing that makes the apple fall to the ground - an attraction that pulls it to the earth!" He was so pleased with his conclusion that he began swinging his legs gaily to - and fro.

"The earth attracts the apple," he went on in a sing-song voice, "and the apple attracts the earth! I attract the earth and the earth attracts —"

Crash! Down came the fence! Like a falling apple, Sir Isaac tumbled to the ground and the worms rejoiced.

He landed in the pot of glue which was just beneath him.



The great scientist rose painfully to his feet, the glue-pot still adhering to his person. In spite of his bruises, a triumphant smile dawned upon his face. "Proved!" he cried. "The earth attracted me and down I came! My theory is correct." So saying, he rushed to his study ~~~~

and, using the glue-pot as a stool –
he was too busy to unstick it – he sat
down and wrote his celebrated book
on the Law of Gravitation.
Sir Isaac had a lovely time
writing his book and used so many long words that it was
said there were only twelve men in Europe who could un-
derstand its true meaning.

THE TEARFUL TERRAPIN.

Oh, hear the tearful terrapin a-singing in the sea
Till all the little fishes are filled with sympathee!
He is brooding on his wrongs
As he sings his doleful songs,
For his lady-love has left him for a saucy stingaree!

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NOV 15 1924

Good-bye dear children my next book will be all about the animals you love best.

HOWARD SARGENT

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